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SOME TIME, SOMEWHERE.

Ne'er tell us that all the endeavor
We make shall bring fruitage never;
That there's no such place as heaven;
That sinners cannot be forgiven;
That sin, like the wound on the finger,
May heal, but the scar will yet linger
Nor vanish through years or tears.

The answer speaks never to doubt us,
Endeavor reaps harvests about us,
While happiness comes to the masses,
And fire may restore wilted grasses.
When wrong to the stubble field's righted,
It blooms as it ne'er had been blighted,
A meadow of fragrance for years.
—Edward S. Creamer in New York Sun.

LOVE AT "THE SHIP."

Far down the beach were two men and a boat. They were stalwart men, and the elder was busy shaking from the meshes of a dragnet entangled tufts of [illegible] and brown seaweed.

"Poor drafts, Shelah," said the net shaker, looking philosophically into the basket that held the fish.

"Poor enough, Master Reeks. Is it home now?"

"Ay, lad, home it is. Get in the boat, Shelah."

The young man jumped into the boat and took the oars. The other shoved it off, and when he was knee deep in the sea water clambered in after him.

"Shelah," said Reeks, speaking of a sudden, "when are you going to marry my Jen?"

There came a little extra color into Shelah's smooth, tanned cheeks. "I don't know, master," he said.

"Ah," said Reeks with a sigh, "I wish her mother was alive."

"Why, old Tom?" asked Shelah.

"Why? To steer her, lad. I'm afeerd my hand is a bit too heavy on the tiller for a dainty craft like my Jen. She wants a woman at her hellum or a husban."

"What makes you say that?" asked Shelah, resting on his oars.

"I'll tell ye, lad," he said slowly. "It's been on my mind a long time, an now I'll tell ye. I don't like the comin's and goin's of that young brewer of ourn, Mr. Cyril Rivington.

"Now, in my father's time, an in my time, the old 'ship' might ha' tumbled about our ears for all the brewer cared or troubled. But since this here young chap ha' come from abroad, an his father ha' taken him into partnership, things ha' altered.

"Nigh on every day he's a-ridin up to know if we want anything done. I shouldn't care how many times he come, Shelah, if it wasn't for Jen. I'm afeerd that his fine hoss an his velvet coat an his leggins an his watch chain may dazzle her, lad."

"Jen is all right," said Shelah firmly.

"So she is, my lad, but she'd be a lot better married. An so, between man an man, my lad, I wants to know when you are goin to marry her?"

"I'd marry her tomorrow," said Shelah wistfully, "if she'd have me, master."

Reeks looked at him steadily for a moment.

"Shelah Baxter," he said solemnly, "you ain't got the pluck of a mouse. Wi' wimen, I mean," pursued Reeks. "There ain't a man in the whole village, Shelah, that could put you on your back. But [illegible] Why, man alive, the bolder you are wi' a woman the better she likes ye. Now I ha' got a bit and ha' got a boat of your own, an what's to purvent you two a-settin down together? Pluck up, Shelah, say I, ha' no more shillyshallyin."

Shelah's suspended oars fell splash upon the sea, and for a moment the boat seemed to raise up and fly bodily over the top of a wave, so hard did he pull.

"Master," he said deliberately, "can you read writin?"

"No," said Reeks, "I can't. Why?"

"Because, if you could, I wanted you to read this." He held out a sheet of pink note paper. It was soiled with fish scales and tobacco dust, but even now retained a sweet and subtle perfume.

Reeks took it gingerly, held it three different ways and narrowly scanned it.

"All I can make out, lad," he said, "is these here."

"What are they?" cried Shelah eagerly.

"Kisses," said Reeks solemnly, "10 on 'em."

"Kisses," repeated Shelah vacantly. In sudden fury he snatched the paper and doubling it in a ball threw it far over the waves.

[illegible] Reeks as he jumped out. "I'll stow away, lad. Go you up to the 'Ship.' It's about time you and Jen came to an onderstandin. Pluck up, Shelah, and remember there's allus ways an means of winnin a woman." He winked and nodded.

Shelah slowly descended the mound and walked toward the inn. The "Ship's" sign could be seen long before the inn. Within a few paces of the sign Shelah halted. He could hear a horse's hoofs pawing the ground. He was soon regaled with a little whistling, than the softly hummed verse of a song.

There next sounded some loud laughter, a step on the tiled path of the inn, then the singer spoke.

"I drink your health, my charmer," he said, "in the Rivington brew." After that he spoke lower, but the words reached Shelah's ears:

"You got my note, Jenny, but you never came. Why was that?"

"I was afraid! And, oh, what would father say if he knew that you sent me that note with all those—those"— The musical voice ended suddenly.

"Kisses, Jenny," finished the horseman. "Well, I don't know. I don't particularly care. Love is altogether reckless. And for you, my gypsy, I would risk anything. Now tell me, Jenny, when can you meet me alone? It is a small favor for a lover to ask. When shall it be?"

Jenny was silent.

"Jenny," said the rider seriously, "do you love me?"

Holding his breath, Shelah waited for the answer. It was inaudible.

"Come a little closer, Jenny," said the horseman gayly; "kisses on paper are nothing to kisses in"——

"Hush!" cried Jenny; "some one is coming."

It was Shelah. He rounded the corner in time to see Mr. Cyril Rivington riding away.

With his head bowed, Shelah crossed the threshold of the inn door. He was met inside by a pretty, brown cheeked girl, whose face had a heightened and rather unusual bloom. At sight of Shelah she looked disconcerted.

"Jen, lass," he said, "I want to speak to you. I want to ask you somethin."

"Well, then," said Jenny, "say it quick. What is it?"

"It's this," said Shelah, and his voice shook a little. "We ha' been sweethearting for a long time, and I want to know when we are going to get married, Jen?"

"Never," she said softly.

"Never?" he repeated huskily.

"I should only make you wretched. I want you to give me up—to forget me, Shelah."

"Give you up, Jen! Give you up, miss! Give up my life—ask me for that, Jen, but don't ask me to give you up, sweetheart, for I do so love you, my dear."

Jenny's lips quivered, and her eyes began to fill with tears, but she kept her face to the window.

"It would break my heart to marry you," she said, "for I love some one else."

"You love some one else?" said Shelah mechanically.

"Yes, and he is going to marry me. So, you see, Shelah, it would be wrong for me to marry you. I should be always miserable and wretched, and I should make you miserable and wretched, too, so please, dear Shelah, let me go and—and forget me."

White and still sat Shelah; then heavily and wearily he rose. Jenny uncovered her face for a moment. At the sight of his she hid it again.

"Forget you, lass," he said, "I never can." Moved perhaps by the thought of what might have been, he leaned down and gently pressed his lips to her forehead.

"But if giving you up, lass," he proceeded huskily, "will make you happy, why Jen"—there was an agonizing ring in his voice—"why, I give you up."

When she looked around again, he was gone.

All that night it froze hard, and the calm sea lay moaning like a dog on its chain. Shelah heard it as he stood in the lonely sentry box of the lifeboat lookout.

As usual Shelah called at the "Ship" for Tom Reeks. He had barely entered when he heard a horse's hoofs on the hard road. A horseman reined up at the inn, and Shelah drew back into the shadow.

"Shelah!" It was Jenny who spoke. She stood, white and trembling, on the cellar steps. "Will—will you take him this?"

Strangely fascinated at being called upon for such an act, Shelah took from her the measure of sparkling ale, and like a man in a dream carried it to the door. With his head down he walked up to the rider.

A loud "Hem!" caused him to start and look up. Instead of the young brewer, he was facing the old one.

"No, my man," he said, "I don't care for anything as early as this. If you'll have the goodness to hold my horse while I dismount—I want to see the landlord. Is he in?"

Rivington, Sr., was a pleasant, chatty old gentleman, and he soon disclosed the object of his visit. A ball was going to be held at Heringbourne town hall, and he was distributing invitations to such of his tenants as choose to attend. As he was passing—quite by accident, he assured them—he felt he ought not to miss the landlord of the "Ship." There were the tickets, and he hoped that Reeks and his daughter would attend.

"I forgot to mention," he said blandly, as Reeks, after expressing his thanks, took them up, "that this ball is to be held in honor of my son Cyril's marriage. He is to be married this week to the daughter of a very old friend of mine—a man of Kent."

As he finished, a low sobbing cry startled all but Shelah. A beer warmer had rattled to the floor, and Jenny stood vacantly staring into a little lake of the spilled liquid at her feet.

"Why, what's the matter, lass?" said Reeks, "you look as white as a ghost."

"Nothing, father," she answered faintly, "nothing only the heat of the fire."

Shelah Baxter came out of the "Ship" and walked aimlessly down to his boat. The surf was boiling on the Scroby, and great rollers with foaming crests were racing in and tumbling upon the sunlighted beach.

He stood awhile absently watching the little fountains which their recoil left bubbling in the sand, then mounted the tall hillock to look for Reeks. On the top he started, and his tan cheeks grew pale.

At the base of the mound by a dwarf clump of furze sat a girl sobbing violently. She was Jenny Reeks. He descended the side she was on and gently touched her shoulder.

Through her tear brimmed eyes she looked into his face. Not a word of reproach. Only in his eyes was the love that had been so constant and true.

With a little catching of her breath, Jenny rose and drew back. Then, with a convulsive cry, she flung her arms wildly around his neck, and there she sobbed until she could sob no more. When they went back to the "Ship," Reeks met them at the door. Something in their attitude made him softly whistle. It seemed as if Shelah had taken his advice and plucked up at last.—Chambers' Journal.

Cured by a Diet of Beans.

Charley Haywood, the well known commercial traveler, tells the following story of his remarkable cure without medicine:

He had been very ill for several weeks, and the attending physicians gave up all hope of his recovery, the symptoms being more and more unpromising day by day. The information was imparted to his wife that Charley was past all remedial aid, but the plucky little lady would hear none of it and gave them to understand that if their scientific skill had been exhausted she intended to try the magnetic powers of an old fellow who lived in the western part of this city. He had performed many remarkable cures after regular physicians had failed, and although bearing the sobriquet of the "dirty doctor" he was sent for, and without making any examination of the patient inquired about the diet already prescribed, and also asked whether his food was digested with comfort when eaten.

"No," said Charley, "the doctor won't let me have what I want, and the stuff I have been forced to eat does me no good." This was apparent as he was reduced to a perfect skeleton. "What do you want to eat," asked his new physician.

"Beans, nothing but beans," was the reply.

"You can have all you want," said the doctor, and some baked beans were ordered immediately.

The effect was magical. The nervous system that had been wrought up to such a disordered condition rapidly changed in character, and after a few days' diet on beans alone Charley was convalescent, despite the diagnosis of the learned æsculapians, and Charley is today one of the brightest and most active men in the city. —St. Louis Republic.

The Very Hottest Place In the World.

Some authorities claim that the hottest place in the world is a tract of country in Egypt, between the first and second cataracts of the Nile. No rain falls there whatever, and the natives do not believe the statements of visitors who tell of water falling from the sky. As a consequence there is little or no destruction of the ancient monuments, and one authority claims to have discovered the chalk marks of the builders on some stones of a structure that was interrupted about 4,000 years ago.—New York Recorder.

Keep Your Feet Dry.

Never sit in a damp shoe. Maybe you think that unless your shoes are positively wet a change is not necessary. This is a fallacy. The least dampness in the sole in its evaporation absorbs the heat from the foot. In a few minutes the feet will be damp and cold, and perspiration is dangerously checked.—Boston Traveller.

A Vision of Heaven Before Death.

W. H. Gaines, an old colored local preacher of Cambridge, O., awoke his wife Tuesday night and told her he had a vision of heaven. The angels who gathered around him assured him he would enter paradise and be with them April 23, at 7 o'clock in the evening. In spite of his friends' ridicule the old man made his preparations accordingly. Though he insisted his time was at hand, there were no signs of coming dissolution until just before the scheduled time, when he quietly lay down and died.

Albert B. Osborne, the new mayor of Corry, Pa., is but 26 years old and is probably the youngest mayor in the United States.

DUTIES AND POWERS.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES NOT TO BE PITIED.

The Authority and Prerogatives Conferred Upon the Executive by the Constitution Were Dictated by Wisdom—Their Exercise Cannot Be Called "Petty Details."

The new paper for women called The American Woman has a department of "nonpartisan politics" conducted by Portia. In the last number Portia proffers to Mr Cleveland her feminine compassion because so much of his time and thought is employed in the exercise of his constitutional prerogative of giving out the federal offices. Having expressed this kind sympathy, she says in conclusion:

"Somehow, as one watches this routine of national affairs, one is prone to wonder just why to the president falls so large a share of the petty details of the government's business. It seems such a waste of time and force."

We will tell Portia why this is so, and she will see that it is not at all wonderful.

One of the strongest muniments of the president's office is the power conferred on him by the constitution to make appointments to office under the federal government "by and with the advice and consent of the senate," or of his own notion alone, in the cases of "inferior officers," when such authority is expressly vested in him by law of congress. The president has no other constitutional power more important to him. He cannot initiate or forward legislation. He can only "recommend" to congress "such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient," but he can select "officers of the United States," subject only to the approval of the senate.

Consequently this power is one of the chief safeguards of the authority and dignity of the executive office. If it were vested in the legislative branch of the government solely, the executive branch would have little actual power left to it. The president could "grant reprieves and pardons for offenses against the United States except in cases of impeachment." With the concurrence of two-thirds of the senate he could make treaties, though that puts the real treaty making power in the senate. He could "on extraordinary occasions convene both houses or either of them" or adjourn them "in case of disagreement between them with respect to the time of adjournment." He would have the power of vetoing a bill of congress, subject, however, to the authority of two-thirds of congress to make it law over his veto. He would be the titular "commander in chief of the army and navy of the United States and of the militia of the several states when called into the actual service of the United States," subject to the sole authority of congress "to declare war," "raise and support armies," "make rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces" and "provide for calling forth the militia to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections and repel invasions."

The great and inalienable powers of the president under the constitution are therefore confined to the power of veto, making his will equivalent to that of two-thirds of congress, the power of negotiating treaties agreeable to two-thirds of the senate and the power of selecting officers and agents, subject to confirmation by the senate. The most important of these powers in the practical conduct of an administration is the last. If congress or the senate had the ability to select the officers and put them on the president against his will, his administration would be completely at its mercy. He would be the mere creature of the legislative department. The executive would not have independence enough to retain the respect of either congress or the people.

As it is under the constitution, the president holds his power over congress chiefly through this prerogative of selection of his agents. Congress cannot thrust on him agents he does not want. He picks out his own agents, and the senate must take or reject them. The offices being so numerous, they accordingly constitute an essential element of the political strength of the president. With them in his hands, he can preserve the equilibrium between the executive and legislative departments of the government. He can use them as his most efficient means of influencing congress.

These, Portia, are the facts, and they explain "why to the president falls so large a share of the petty details of the government's business." But the selection of officeholders is not a petty detail. It is a large and important prerogative of the executive office. With the exception of it, the exercise of the right to veto and the suggestion of treaties to the senate, all the other business intrusted to the president consists of petty details. It is chiefly ceremonial, making of him a figurehead only. With the power to select and "commission all officers of the United States," he has real and positive executive authority, intrinsic in his office and not conferred by congress.

Of course the process of making the selection of so many thousands of officers is somewhat laborious, but in fact presidents have so small a range of other duties under the restrictions of the constitution that they have ample time for the discharge of a duty so valuable to their office. It can be performed and is actually performed by Mr. Cleveland now during a few hours of each working day. His ceremonial functions aside and the adjournment of congress relieving him from the necessity of considering and signing bills passed, the management of the offices is his main business. Their distribution also brings him in contact with the most active representatives of his party from all parts of the Union, and thus he is enabled to get a view of political sentiment of prime importance to him in his administration.

The recourse of office seekers to him, moreover, is a tribute to his power which cannot be ungrateful to the human nature of a president. It is necessary, too, that either by direct personal contact or through information conveyed to him by senators and representatives the president should acquaint himself with the quality, qualifications and just claims of the many thousands of individuals he is to appoint as executive agents.

Presidents accordingly do not deserve the tender sympathy which is so creditable to Portia's feminine heart. They are rather enviable men. They have attained the highest end to which political ambition can aspire in this republic. Having got the power from the people, they are glad to exercise it. It is what they were after. As compared with the run of active business men, they are not overtaxed. They do not work harder than kings and emperors. —New York Sun.

Explorers have found a great many mummies in caves in cliffs among the Peruvian mountains. How the Indians who entombed their dead in this way reached the caves hundreds of feet down the side of steep cliffs is a matter of conjecture.

Valuable Foxskins.

The skin of a silver fox, otherwise called black fox, varies in price from $50 to $200. The whole number obtained annually amounts to only 2,000, of which amount 1,000 are imported into England. La Hontan states that in his time a skin of the silver fox was worth its weight in gold, and an unusually fine skin has been sold on the London market for $250.—Boston Globe.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Could my voice follow whither thou hast fled,
And find and thank thee, I would not be dumb;
As misers count their gold, I'd tell the sum
Of all the good that thou hast done and said—
The noble purpose to performance wed,
The gentle blame, the fostering, dear praise,
The kindness that made beautiful thy days—
And all thou wast, before men called thee dead.

Nay, it must be that thou wilt turn once more
From heaven's high court, bend earthward once and know
How all we love thee—how the world seems cold
Whence thou hast vanished, and the sullen roar
Of Death's tide mocks us with Love's overthrow,
And leaves us stranded, sorrowful and old.
—Louise C. Moulton in Youth's Companion.

A Well Trained Cat.

I once had some cats which really could be taught to do anything. They were white Iceland maltese, and their eyes were as blue as the skies in June. Unlike others of their species, they dearly loved to play in water, and they would spend hours fishing chips out of a pan of water. One of them, Jabez, was a regular John Sullivan of a cat. He would fight anything and everything. The only safe way to take him out was in a bag. I had one made with perforations, which I carried on my arm and in which he sat with his head out, save when I saw something which I fancied he might possibly think he could fight, when, as a measure of safety, I would bob his head down and tighten the drawstring. He knew his bag as well as I did, and when he wanted to go out he would go and take it down, bring it to me and sit down and look wistfully first at the bag and then at me.

Another trick of this intelligent creature was, when we were in the park, where he dearly loved to go, to run to a flower bed, bite off a blossom and bring it to me. As these Iceland cats are the most desirable of household pets it is a pity that it is almost impossible to keep them any length of time in this climate. Like trout, they require a low temperature. Anything above 65 degrees is unfavorable to them.—Interview in Chicago Herald.

The Magic of a Face.

In that cruel interview where my lord Hamlet uses harshest words to the artless Ophelia, he says: "I have heard of your paintings, too, well enough. God has given you one face, and you make yourselves another." A gentle Quakeress, guileless of plagiarism, once modified this accusation in a way that robbed it of all malice and made it a wise and helpful thought.

To a young niece who was bewailing her own lack of beauty, she said tenderly, "The good Lord gave thee plain features, but he left it to thee to make thine own expression."

The girl took her lesson and learned it thoroughly, and now that the graces of her amiable character illumine her face, none ever thinks of it as plain. Her great wealth—and riches too often serve as a cloak for unloveliness of mind or person—is entirely lost sight of in the affluence of noble womanly qualities, while her cultivated intellect and affectionate disposition give to her face that charm which is lacking in features.—Harper's Bazar.

Found Moral Support In the Sphinx.

It was an American girl who found that she talked too much and confided too frankly to a cold, cruel world the things she ought to have kept to herself and conceived the clever idea of surrounding herself with replicas of the Sphinx. It was in a doleful spasm of Saturday night contrition over a week of particularly reckless conversation that the inspiration came, and next Monday morning she went out and bought all the pictures of the Sphinx she could secure in the hope that by studying the calm, strong face and inscrutable expression she would gain the secret of a dignified reticence, or as she expressed it with the originality one might expect from such an original young woman, that she would learn to "ossify her garrulity."—New York Sun.

In the Wrong Place.

"Well," asked the Chicago police judge, "what is the charge against this man?"

"Plaze, your asner," replied the officer, "he was obsthructin the streets. He was a-standin on the corner preachin."

"How much a day can you make at that sort of business?" asked the judge, not unkindly.

Then the prisoner replied: "My master does not pay in gold. I am not working for money."

The judge looked at the man before him in amazement. Finally he said: "This is no case for the police court at all. This man is undoubtedly crazy."—Indianapolis Journal.

Rather a Strange Appellation.

Two women undertook only last week to hunt up a fashionable bonnet maker whose address they had lost. The house they fancied they had found, though its appearance seemed almost too fine even for the "artist" they were in search of, and one of the women asked rather hesitatingly:

"Does a milliner live here?"

There was a moment's hesitation on the part of the door opener, a middle aged woman, before she replied slowly, "Well, he's a pretty rich man, but I don't know as you'd call him a millioner."—New York Times.

Deliberate Suicide by a Dog.

A dog died Tuesday with full evidence of intentional suicide. The dog was a collie owned by Frank Austin, a prominent citizen of Eckerty. It seldom left home—never without him, and he never without it. But he had business in Louisville. The dog followed him despite his efforts to drive him back. When the man got upon the train, the dog ran to and fro along the track and at last sat down and cried piteously. This was continued until another train approached, when he laid his neck upon the track, and the head was severed.—Cor. Indianapolis Sentinel.



THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.

My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is made of herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called

LANE'S MEDICINE.

All druggists sell it at 50c. and $1.00 per package. Buy one to-day. Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy, this is necessary.

THREE POINTS OF VIEW.

When a modern maiden marries,
In delightful dreams she tarries,
As her fancy surely shifts
To the thought of wedding gifts.
"Every friend who would be pleasant
Must," she muses, "send a present:
All acquaintances must pay
Tax upon my marriage day.
Fans and furs and rare old laces.
Gold embellished dressing cases,
Rings and brooches, silver mugs,
Entree dishes, claret jugs—
Tables will with these be laden
When I marry," gloats the maiden.

When a modern Cœlebs marries,
In his heart grim fears he carries,
"With," thinks he, "our income small,
We don't want such gifts at all.
There's that grand piano—gracious!
That involves a house more spacious.
Then that dressing bag, alas!
That can only go first class;
Silver center dish and cup, too,
How can we such things live up to?
Every present of pretense
Means for me increased expense.
Would that I such gifts could ban
When I marry," thinks the man.

When a man and maiden marry,
Hearts of lead their friends all carry.
Custom, as you know, demands
Costly presents at their hands.
Ostentation, too, coerces,
So they empty out their purses;
Fearful least their names be missed
From the always published list,
But in private in a passion
They denounce the sordid fashion,
Crying in most bitter strain:
"Only fancy, fleeced again!
Bah! 'tis an event to dread
When a man and maiden wed."
—London Truth.

Reasons For "Talking Buncombe."

Talking buncombe in its modern sense is almost exclusively American, Irish or French and differentiates oratory delivered for either of those peoples from oratory delivered for Englishman in a nearly inexplicable way. Why do we English not "bunk" when our kinsfolk and our rivals do? Some years ago, while discussing oratory, we endeavored to explain the habit as resulting from an absence of the pride begotten of a great history, and if it were confined to the Americans and the Irish we should still consider that explanation sufficient. A people unsupported by history sustains its pride by self praise, and in particular by magnificent disquisitions upon the glorious future which, it is satisfactory to assume, lies open before it.

American history is too short for pride, except when the pride takes the form of statistics, which no doubt are startling in America and are therefore quoted with frequency and pleasure, while Irish history is to Irish minds an endless narrative of failure, oppression and continuous but baffled aspiration. The proud coldness of the Englishman, on the other hand, which induces him to regard self praise as vulgar and the utterance of grand aspirations as, at best, a weakly rhetorical form of appeal to sentiment, is based on a history of a thousand years, which he regards, in part erroneously, in part accurately, as a narrative of nearly unbroken success.—London Spectator.

A Few Notable Printers.

"He is only a printer." Such was the sneering remark of a leader in a circle of aristocracy—the codfish quality. Who was the Earl of Stanhope? He was only a printer. What was Prince Edward William and Prince Napoleon? Proud to call themselves printers. The present czar of Russia, the crown prince of Prussia and the Duke of Battenburg are printers, and the emperor of China works in a private printing office almost every day. William Caxton, the father of English literature, was a practical printer. What were G. P. Morris, N. P. Willis, James Gale, Charles Richardson, James Parker, Horace Greeley, Charles Dickens, James Buchanan, Simon Cameron and Schuyler Colfax? Printers, all, and practical ones.

Mark Twain, Amos Cummings, Bret Harte and Opie Reid are plain, practical printers, as were Artemus Ward, Petroleum V. Nasby and Sut Lovingood. Senator Plumb was a printer, and so is James S. Hogg of Texas, and the leader of science and philosophy in his day made it his boast that he was a printer. In fact, thousands of the most brilliant minds in this country are to be found toiling in the publishing houses of large cities and towns. It is not every one that can be a printer—brains are absolutely necessary.—Century.

Bloodcurdling Sword Feats.

Mr. Henderson was present at the battle of Chillianwallah in 1849 and can testify to some remarkable instances of the power [illegible] of the fight, as the British troops were slowly retiring, a Sikh challenged by his gestures and defiant attitude an Irish soldier to leave the ranks and engage in single combat. One thrust from his bayonet went right through the Sikh, who, though mortally wounded, instantaneously with his razor edged tulwar cleft his opponent's head in two as far down as the base of the neck, both falling dead at the same instant. After this engagement a Sikh was found sitting on the ground, apparently unhurt yet holding his hands up to his head, and when the surgeon bade him lower his arms he fell dead on the spot with half his skull gone, the entire upper part having been cut clean through.—London Globe.

For Two Purposes.

At Kunyenye in Africa Cameron relates being introduced to the heir presumptive to the throne, the nails of whose left hand had been allowed to grow to an enormous length as a sign of high rank, proving that he was never required to perform manual labor, and also providing him with the means of tearing the meat which formed his usual diet.—Chambers' Journal.

Some People Are Extremists.

People get to extremes in all things. Some never think of boiling water, milk or anything else, while on the other hand The Listener knows a lady who never gives her cat anything but sterilized milk.—Boston Transcript.

Excess is not the only thing that breaks up both health and enjoyment. Many are brought into a very ill and languishing habit of body by mere sloth, which is both a great sin and the cause of many more.—South.

A bit of reasoning a la mode de Dumas ascribed to Rossini, "I don't like spinach, and it is very fortunate I don't, because if I did like it I should eat it, and I can't endure it."

Seamless steel boats, each made of only two plates, each plate riveted to a bulb keel bar, which forms also the stem and stern posts, are being made by a firm in London.

The largest piece of copper ever taken out of the Michigan upper peninsula was brought to the surface from the Quincy mine. It weighed about nine tons.

A ton of gold is worth $607,799.21; of pure silver, $37,704.84; a million dollars in gold weigh 3,685.8 pounds; of silver, 58,929.9 pounds.

Poor Judges.

There are two equally untrustworthy witnesses to the excellence of a given article—namely, the man who has used it for years, and is therefore bound to back up his course, and the man who tries it for the first time and is in the first daze of a new sensation.—Boston Transcript.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Eating Raw Dandelions.

Who ever heard of a man eating raw dandelions? There is at least one man in this city who can boast of doing it, when he supposed that no one was looking.

The man in question was on his way to the railroad station to go home, and also was bringing home something which his faithful wife had repeatedly told him not to bring.

On his way to the depot he stopped in at one of the numerous meat markets on Lincoln street to order the Sunday dinner.

When about half way through the store on his way out, he chanced to spy a large box full of dandelions, and he immediately walked over to them, picked one up, looked at it, smelled of it and put it in his mouth and ate it.

He must have liked it, for he put his hand into the box again and pulled up another one and ate that.

When the market man detected him, he was putting away the greens as fast as ever he could.

The market man was speechless; he did not know what to make of it, but when he got over his fright he went over to the man and gently told him that he must stop eating the dandelions unless he wanted to pay for them, as there was quite a large hole in the box, which a little while before had been filled with dandelions.

The man desisted and said that it was all right, and as he walked out of the store he was overheard to say, 'That was great stuff."

What his feelings were an hour afterward is known only to himself.—Boston Herald.

How Oranges Are Sorted.

There are hundreds of orange groves in Florida, each producing many thousand boxes every season. The oranges are shipped and sold according to size, and there are usually four grades, called No. 1, 2, 3, etc. To sort all these millions of oranges would be a very long and tedious job if it were done by hand, and they would be imperfectly sorted, too, for one could not judge by the eye alone exactly what the size of the orange is, and many would go into the wrong boxes.

But to overcome all this difficulty the orange growers use a simple device called an orange sorter. It is merely a long, inclined trough, with different sized holes cut in the bottom. Under the holes are placed boxes. A basket of oranges is brought in and dumped into the upper end of the trough, which is just wide enough to allow them to roll down in single file, one after another. As they run by the first hole, which is very small, all the little ones drop through into the box underneath. The rest roll on and in passing the second hole, which is one fourth larger than the first, the next sized ones drop through into another box, and so on by two more holes, which leave only the largest ones in the trough. These roll out to the lower end and are caught in a basket placed there to catch them. All the men have to do is to go around and put new boxes in place when the old ones get full. —Boston Journal.

The Process of Nature.

There are processes of nature which seem as inexplicable as the operation of the mind. Why does sugar always crystallize in a certain way and salt in a certain other way? An infallible test for some minerals is their form of crystallization. Why does the mysterious movement of the sap in a plant proceed with such absolute regularity, that in the leaf, say, of a variegated geranium a little coloring matter of one shade is dropped at one point and a little of another shade at another point with never a mistake? Why does nature, or rather how does nature tell the wheat that is grown in northern latitudes that it must produce many seeds to each plant so that some of them may survive the rigor of the winter?

Why do the plants of the tropics expend all their forces in leaf and gorgeous flower and yield only a few seeds, as if they knew that in the genial climate where they flourish every seed stood a good chance of growing? Did the plants learn these things themselves, as the mice learned that it was no use to be born with tails, and the Short horn cows learned that it was no use to be born with a disposition to give a large flow of milk, or the trotting horse learned that he ought to be born with a trotting instinct? These are difficult questions, good questions to be thought over by those very excellent people who are are satisfied that they "know it all."—Seattle Telegraph.

Feats of Swordsmanship.

Feats of swordsmanship, such as cutting through triangular bars of lead or carcasses of sheep, are performed with special weapons, and on this subject and that of sword blows generally Mr. Henderson, the well known professor of swordsmanship and for many years connected with Angelo's school of arms, has some interesting facts to relate. Though no longer quite so young as he was, he is still active and hearty, and must have been in his prime a very powerful man, weighing 190 pounds. He has in his time at one stroke cut through two sheep, one carcass inside the other, and in a similar manner through 2¾ inches of solid lead.

A specially made cuirass, much thought of at the time by the Duke of Cambridge, when tested by the redoubtable Henderson was cut clean through. Steel plates—six to the inch—and ordinary pokers have been severed at one blow by the same strong arm. These exploits were all accomplished with a sword made for him by the old firm of Wilkinson. It is called "Excalibur" and weighs but four pounds. It is perfectly plain, slightly curved, has a hilt something like a naval cutlass and is tempered to perfection.—London Globe.

Some Formal Correspondence.

A matter of fact sacristan of the Cathedral of Berlin once wrote the king of Prussia this brief note:

SIRE—I acquaint your majesty, first, that there are wanting books of psalms for the royal family. I acquaint your majesty, second, that there wants wood to warm the royal seats. I acquaint your majesty, third, that the balustrade next the river, behind the church, is become ruinous. SCHMIDT,
Sacrist of the Cathedral.

The reply of the king was not that of a "gracious majesty." Its stiff formality in imitating the style of the sacristan probably was not taken by the receiver as complimentary to him:

I acquaint you, Herr Sacrist Schmidt, first, that those who want to sing may buy books. Second, I acquaint Herr Sacrist Schmidt that those who want to be warm must buy wood. Third, I acquaint Herr Sacrist Schmidt that I shall not trust any longer to the balustrade next the river. And I acquaint Herr Sacrist Schmidt, fourth, that I will not have any more correspondence with him. FREDERICK.

—Exchange.

Frost Resisting Mortar.

Whenever mortar is used during the cold weather, there is always more or less fear of injury from frost, and masons are accustomed to use salt water in mixing the cement and to cover the green masonry with straw and boards during the night. The engineer of the Western railway of France, Charles Rabut, says the ordinary soda of commerce is even better than salt. The soda employed is what is known as the anhydrous carbonate obtained by the Solway process, which costs less in France than the hydrated carbonate. This is dissolved in a kettle in the proportion of a pound of soda to 24 quarts of water at a temperature of about 85 degrees Fahrenheit. This solution is mixed with an equal volume of water at the temperature of the air, to give the water which is used by the masons. A kettle holding 10½ quarts has been found sufficient to serve 10 masons.

The mortar made in this way requires more of the solution than if water alone were used, about one-quarter more being considered the proper increase. Mr. Rabut reports that with this solution mortar has been observed to harden at a temperature about 9 degrees below freezing with at least twice the rate of a similar mortar without soda at a temperature 14 degrees above the freezing point. While the surface hardens much more quickly, however, the interior remains moist longer, and on this account the soda is objectionable. Moreover, it is also found to cause a white efflorescence on the surface of the masonry which lasts for some months.—New York Telegram.

A Heavy Gunboat at Sheerness.

The replacing at Sheerness of the Northampton—the "lame duck of the British navy"—by the Thunderer is something more than a mere change of ships. Some while back the naval barracks at Sheerness were practically emptied, those serving there being sent on to Chatham, where the old convict prison is being turned into a barracks. Sheerness in future is to be the home of the gunnery men, and the Thunderer, as an ironclad carrying the latest thing in modern guns, is practically the floating part of the establishment.

The Thunderer is not a new vessel, but she has recently been almost rebuilt, breechloaders being substituted for the old armament, new engines, which, by the way, have proved very unsatisfactory, being put into her, and numerous other alterations effected which have made a great change in her appearance.

She now carries four 10-inch 29-ton B. L. guns in her turrets, 14 quick firing guns and four Nordenfelts on her superstructure. In addition to being employed in connection with the gunnery school, the Thunderer will also be known as "my flagship and port guardship" at Sheerness, and as such will be as familiar an object at the Nore as the lofty masted Northampton has been in the past.—St. James Budget.

Naturalization Refused.

Judge D. R. Hindman of Boone, Ia., has refused to grant naturalization papers to Peter Simonson, a Dane, though he was properly qualified. The judge asked Simonson if, in case of a war between the United States and Denmark, the petitioner would, if necessary, bear arms for his adopted country and fight against his native land. Simonson declared that he would not, whereupon Judge Hindman refused to issue the papers, stating that "the time had arrived when no person would be aided in this court to become a citizen unless he was willing to stand by the government under all circumstances and at all times." The action of Judge Hindman creates considerable comment. Simonson, the petitioner, is a man of excellent standing and would make a good citizen, his refusal to pledge himself to bear arms against Denmark being based on the fact that his relatives all reside in and are subjects of that country.—Cor. Chicago Herald.

An Experiment In Daily Papers.

A singular experiment has just been made in London in an entirely new direction. An endeavor has been made by tinting the paper of the latest evening journal to enable it to be read with comfort in a bad light. The tint which has been selected is green, but rays of this color are not present in abundance in most artificial lights. As a result, with the bad, smoky flame generally met with in English omnibuses and railway cars, the paper seems to be of a dirty gray color, and were it not for the excellent quality of the paper and type it would be very difficult to read.

It is found that under the electric arc lamp the green color shows up, and if the electric light were in as general use in England as it is in this country the result of the experiment would doubtless be more satisfactory than at present it appears to be.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Trouble With the Lady Managers.

When the board of lady managers assembled in the Woman's building for the regular meeting Tuesday, there was a jolly disturbance, growing out of the dedication ceremonies. Many of the ladies were angry with the ceremonies committee on account of what they were pleased to call an unpardonable slight.

The dissatisfied ladies accused the ceremonies committee and Mrs. Mary Logan, as well as the president of the board in particular, with assuming to run the woman's department entirely to the exclusion of the other ladies interested. The ladies based their complaint on the fact that none but the favored few met the Duchess of Veragua.

No one of the other commissioners was presented, it is alleged, and it is said Mrs. Logan took it upon herself to entertain the distinguished guests.—Chicago Letter.

If the smallpox epidemic reaches this country from Europe, we shall not expect it to spread extensively, for the laws respecting vaccination are intelligently carried out. Still, the large immigrant population will need looking after, and lodging houses will need rigid inspection.

Barbarians In New York City.

When the Ellis island employees arrived at the big landing station the other morning, they found that a group of 70 Africans—men, women and children—who had arrived the day before had discarded their "European" clothes and had returned to the breechclout and beads of their native simplicity.

The clothing they had been forced to wear was scattered upon the floor, discarded and despised. The keepers compelled the Africans to resume their cast off clothing. It was noticed that, while they reluctantly donned the regulation clothes, they were not at all particular as to choice. Whatever happened to be nearest at hand was grabbed up and put on. When a burly warrior discovered that his ponderous legs were not intended for small trousers, he conceived the idea of wearing the trousers as a chest protector. He drew the trousers upon his arms and tied the collar of the coat around his waist.

The rigors of the climate played havoc with the constitutions of some of the Africans, and one big fellow, Wadachazza Kiulali, a member of the king of Dahomey's army, died from the effects of exposure. He was the husband of seven wives, all of whom were with him when he died. They didn't shed many tears, but as mementos they cut off portions of his ears and toe nails, then shaved the hair off the side of his head, and he was ready for burial. The seven dusky widows went to Chicago with the rest of the Africans, leaving the body of the dead man to be buried by the authorities.—New York Advertiser.

Let Us Have a Rest From Centennials.

It might naturally be supposed that the father of centennials was no less a patriarch than old Father Time himself, but it seems that this title is claimed for one Peyton of New Jersey, of whom it is alleged that he is the responsible originator of all the centennials we have been having, from Bunker hill, in 1875, to the fair at Chicago. Moreover, it is stated that this relentless being, not yet glutted with commemoration, is at work on an international celebration of the birth and death of Christ, to be held at Jerusalem in the year 1900.

If Colonel Peyton has any friends, they will confer a favor by purchasing storage for him in some good safe deposit company and locking him up there and depositing the key to him in the East river. This generation has had plenty of centennials. It does not want to go to any more ever after this year. So that heaven sends it strength and means to make a thorough job of the Chicago fair it will never ask to see another show of more importance than the late Mr. Barnum's circus, and it will not look at that unless it is brought around to its door. After all the centennials that it has experienced nothing less than a millennial could possibly start its enthusiasm, and happily Colonel Peyton and all the rest of us will be permanently at rest years and years before the times are ripe for a millennial at Jerusalem.—Harper's Weekly.

English Sailors Don't Want Tips.

Late Saturday afternoon a group of sailors from the Magicienne and Tartar stood on Riverside drive talking to an old man with a high hat and gold eyeglasses. The old man had stopped them and was asking them to explain several matters about their respective ships.

They conversed for about 10 minutes. Then the old man put his hand in his pocket and drew out some $1 bills. He offered a bill to each man. The sailors drew back affronted. They refused to accept them.

Finally one of them, who acted as spokesman, said, touching his cap:

"Much obliged, sir, but we don't take money—we earn all we want. But," he added in a propitiatory tone, "if you 'ad a cigar, sir, we'd be willin to smoke it."

But the old man did not smoke, unfortunately. He walked away looking very blank.—New York Evening Sun.

The First Cablegram.

The first message over the Atlantic cable was a dispatch from Queen Victoria to President Buchanan. There were 95 words in the message, but owing to something getting wrong with the wires it was 24 hours from the time that the first word was received until the last was taken off. The principal part of the message was the queen's expression of the wish that the cable would prove a bond of union and a link of friendship between the two great nations. Mr. Buchanan heartily concurred in this wish and incidentally remarked to her majesty that in his estimation this "crowning triumph of science would prove a greater boon to humanity in general than the results of all the hard fought battles ever won."—St. Louis Republic.

Seizing "Bob" Veal.

The seizure of 90 carcasses of "bob" veal a few days ago recalls the vigorous campaign of five years ago, when as many as 300 carcasses were seized in a day. It was then dangerously plentiful in the markets. Any calf under three weeks of age is called "bob" veal. In case of a seizure the commission dealers are allowed $1 for each skin. The flesh is sent to Barren island. It must be said to the credit of the inspectors that they have almost stopped this traffic. The utmost diligence is required.—New York Tribune.

A Complete Establishment.

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, are now ready for the Spring and Summer trade. They can dress a man from head to toe in the best style and for a small amount of cash. Their Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Hosiery, Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes. They have suits from $5 to $20, honest goods and well made. Hats, from 40 cts. to $3.00. Underwear from $1.00 to $8.00 per suit; and shoes, well made, neat, strong and substantial, at various prices. For reliable goods, bought from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers. They keep no auction trash upon their premises.

I was a sufferer from catarrh for fifteen years, with distressing pain over my eyes. I used Ely's Cream Balm with gratifying results. Am apparently cured.—Z. C. Warner, Rutland, Vt.

I suffered from a severe cold in my head for months and could get no relief. Was advised to use Ely's Cream Balm. It has worked like magic in its cure. I am free from my cold after using the Balm one week, and I believe it is the best remedy known. Samuel J. Harris, Grocer, 119 Front St., New York.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1893.

CLEVELAND'S FOOLISH EFFORT

The manifesto which Mr. Cleveland has issued "to the people" after the fashion of South American dictators is worse than ridiculous. It is put forth in the effort to mislead and deceive the public. It is, says the New York Press, an attempt to shift the responsibility for present conditions of business from the quarter where it belongs to the shoulders of the people.

The tone of the whole utterance, the statement that "much depends upon the action of those engaged in financial speculations and business enterprises," and the intimation to the people that "if, instead of being frightened, they are conservative, and if, instead of gloomily anticipating immediate disaster, they contribute their share of hope and steadiness, they will perform a patriotic duty and at the same time protect their own interest," show that the purpose of the document is to humbug the masses of the voters into the belief that in some mysterious way business men themselves are accountable for the paralysis that has fallen upon credit and enterprise.

This manifesto is a particularly shabby piece of demagogy. Voters of common intelligence know very well that prevailing conditions are not the fault of the business men of the United States. The Harrison Administration turned over a solvent Treasury, an unshaken credit and a state of unparalleled prosperity to the Democratic party. Under Republican rule the Treasury reserve of gold was not allowed to fall below the $100,000,000 mark, and there was no question as to whether the government would maintain the integrity of its currency. The party of destruction has promptly manifested its incompetency by its failure to take a single decisive step to maintain public confidence. Its representatives at Washington have gone from blunder to blunder until they have alarmed the whole country. The responsibility for loss to the people and contraction of business belongs to the Democratic Administration, and it is folly for the President to try to convince the people that they are the ones at fault.

THE BRIGGS VERDICT.

The result in the Briggs case is exactly what was expected. The whole tone of the proceedings has been of a character to discourage the friends of the distinguished professor. Nothing remains but to await the penalty that the triumphant party may feel disposed to deal out for the crime of heresy, of which he has been pronounced guilty.

It is a fact, not to be overlooked because the majority of the Assembly ignored it, that the condemnation of Dr. Briggs convicts rather the church of which he is one of the most progressive members, and none the less loyal by reason of his progressive ideas. It is an intimation that the body does not propose to keep pace with the developments of science which mark the present age, that it will not tolerate any deviation from established tests of orthodoxy or any individuality in a teacher of its doctrines; that it will henceforth discourage all innovations in the line of religious progress.

It is doubtful whether the judgment of the Assembly fairly interprets the intelligent sentiment of the Presbyterian Church on this subject, but, coming as it does from the highest authoritative source, it must be accepted as the view of the majority as to the particular points involved in the controversy. The decision just reached, however, does not end the matter, either in the church concerned, or outside of it. The onward march of religious thought is not to be prevented by the edicts of councils or assemblies. The great aim of religious investigation is truth, and men like Prof. Briggs will continue the search for it regardless of the condemnation visited by those who fail to comprehend the value and importance of such labor.—Norristown Herald.

—A very practical way of testing the sentiment of persons directly interested in establishing the trolley railway in country districts was that adopted by the citizens of Schuylkill township, Chester county. A public meeting was called to discuss the propriety of granting the right of way over the public roads of the township to the Phœnixville Electric Railway Company. A vote resulted in sixty-two favoring resolutions authorizing the Supervisors to grant the privileges asked and but six against. Officers of the railway company were present to answer questions. The tracks will be laid on the side of the road.

—The Republicans of Ohio will renominate William McKinley to-day as their candidate for Governor.

—The business portion of Fargo, N. D., was destroyed by fire yesterday, and 2,200 rendered homeless.

—Charles J. Lauderbach, of Cornwells recently sold one of his properties at the place, to Edward Paist, of Philadelphia, for $17,000.

—Joseph Robbins, Jr., of Falls township, has made a race track on one of his level fields for the training of his own stock, being engaged in the raising of fine colts.

A Proposed Model City.

That model city which an enterprising and it may be assumed philanthropic gentleman proposes to establish on the banks of the Niagara river will be looked for with interest. It is to be placed right where the electric power soon to be developed by the falls can best be utilized. The capital stock of the Model Town company is fixed at $10,000,000, and it has all the power of a general corporation. The city is to be laid out according to the most approved system. Lots will be set aside for municipal buildings, and beautiful parks have been planned. The city will build, equip and operate its own street railways, electric light plant, water plant, telephone exchange, gas works, steam heating plant, build and control the steam railroad trucks running through the city, own the union station, through which all railroads must run, and exercise many other powers heretofore held by private corporations. All telephone service, water, steam heat, electric power, street railroad service and gas are to be supplied to residents at cost.

As to the manufacturing industries, the plants will be supplied by the corporations and then sold on the installment plan to those who are to run them. Any person having a worthy invention and being without capital to put it forward may apply to the corporation for a plant, and if his invention meets with the favor of the stockholders the shop will be erected and sold to the inventor as his profits come in, but all the men employed there must live in the model city. The projector of the enterprise says he is giving life to what in 10 years will be a city of 200,000 people.

It will be interesting to watch the outcome of this rather novel form of co-operative action. It may not result in all the advantages its projector fancies, but if it brings about a city laid out in all respects after an intelligent and comprehensive plan it will attract newcomers even though no other advantages are offered.

Another Alleged Cure.

The victims of consumption number more than those of any other malady. It may be found among all nations and in all climes. A positive cure for it would be one of the greatest blessings vouchsafed to man. Since the failure of the Koch treatment medical men have been more skeptical than ever regarding any alleged cures, but from Tokio in Japan there comes a report based upon reliable authority that a Dr. Kitasato has succeeded in making cures in advanced stages by means of some new application of Koch's remedies.

It appears that the government has granted $45,000 to Dr. Kitasato for this year and $15,000 for each of the next two years to prosecute the study and treatment of cholera, abdominal typhus, diphtheria and consumption. During the past winter Dr. Kitasato has accomplished some remarkable results with consumption. Four out of five patients who have been treated two months were cured, and 125 who had been in hospital only a few weeks showed marked improvement. None of the patients, however, had passed beyond the second stage, nor had cavities formed in their lungs, but all suffered from the worst and most undoubted symptoms. One had been in bed six weeks before being treated. All showed signs of marked improvement within a month. The government is about to complete a hospital in Tokio, and hundreds are expected to flock into it at once.

Under the patronage of the Japanese government Dr. Kitasato studied with Koch seven years, and he now gives his services to his countrymen freely. The full results of the treatment will be watched with interest.

It must be gratifying to those who favor giving the suffrage to women to read this sentence in the New York Sun: "Whenever women adopt the fashion of wearing 'the little, unobtrusive yellow ribbon' emblematic of woman suffrage, it shall be our badge also." At the same time it must be mortifying to them to know that the New York Tribune of the same date contained a report of a remark alleged to have been made by Mrs. Mills, wife of the colonel in command at West Point, relative to the review of the cadets by the Infanta Eulalie: "Think of it!" Mrs. Mills is reported to have said, "The regiment in review for a woman!" The objection, observe, was not to the reviewing of the cadets of this republic by a member of a royal house, but by a woman.

The statement of the New York Sun that the war cost the Union side more by $3,250,000,000 than the total census valuation of real and personal property in the 11 seceding states at the time when the war was fought is rather startling. Although The Sun says it was worth all it cost, Uncle Sam will please be so kind and not let loose the dogs of war again unless it be absolutely necessary.

A reader wants to know which is correct to say, "I feel bad," or "I feel badly?" Either. You feel bad when you are ill, and you feel badly when you fool with a buzzsaw.

When nothing else is pressing, the Infanta Eulalie spends her time sitting for photographs, which is a penalty of greatness.

Salisbury must be a cold blooded man. Even in June he confines himself to an Ulster.

How Boston People Felt.

Ralph Waldo Emerson once made a crushing reply to a man who asked him whether the people in Boston did not feel alarmed. Said Emerson, "What about?" Said the man, "Why, the world is coming to a end next Monday." Emerson replied: "I'm glad of it. We can get along a great deal better without it."—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Celebrated Hoax.

Although the story of Mr. T. B. Connery, formerly managing editor of the New York Herald, regarding the famous wild beast hoax of that paper which was perpetrated some 20 years ago is contrary to the impressions long maintained by newspaper men, it has the merit of reason and is undoubtedly correct. The idea of imposing upon the public in this way has usually been attributed to Mr. Bennett himself, but it appears that he was more sinned against than sinning, for his friends all blamed him for the imposition, when he knew nothing about it until after it occurred.

Mr. Connery says he himself was the originator of the loosened wild animal story, and that his object was to warn the public of an impending danger. But he woefully mistook the effect of the story. He first thought of the matter while watching the transfer of some animals to Central park one day. Through carelessness one of the animals came near escaping. He continues:

My first impulse was to call public attention to the accident and to give the menagerie men a sound scolding through the columns of the American Thunderer, but I thought better of it. What would be the use of a little scolding and a few warnings? The menagerie men would only be a little more careful for awhile and then relapse into their old habits, if carelessness was really one of their habits, of which I did not know. The public would soon forget all about it, and nurses and children would continue to go to the menagerie as of old on the theory that lightning never strikes the same place twice. So I resolved to think over some other plan than an ordinary beware to the public and the everyday scolding to officials.

That night in bed the idea came to me—get up a harmless little hoax with just enough semblance of reality to give a salutary warning. That was what occurred to me, and the idea grew fast and furious, especially the fun of it, and I jotted down quickly the heading of my hoax to give to one of the reporters to develop and embellish. I became enamored of my idea—a very dangerous thing, for when one allows one's self to be thus carried away one is apt to see only that side of the idea that tickles his fancy. It was precisely what happened to me. I saw only the laugh which the publication of such a tremendous hoax would produce. To my shame, be it confessed, I was utterly blind to the serious side of the hoax.

It appears that after considerable consultation the story was finally written by Mr. J. I. C. Clarke, now a well known New York editor. The article covered six columns of The Herald and started out by describing how a reckless keeper provoked the rhinoceros by prodding him; how the animal burst from its fastenings and killed the keeper; how next the infuriated beast killed another daring keeper and broke down the bars of all the cages, liberating the Numidian lion, the elephant, the Bengal tigers, the lionesses, panthers, bears, leopards, hyenas, wolves and serpents, while a battle royal among the fierce animals raged on the floors of the menagerie.

One after another the animals leaped from the menagerie and scattered themselves over the city, killing or mutilating beasts, men and women all over the town. General John A. Dix was extolled for shooting the leopard "on the spot;" Lester Wallack for putting a bullet in one of the tigers, with Mayor Hall looking on close behind; John Morrissey, a famous pugilist, gambler and politician in those days, for "fighting the tiger," delivering a deadly blow from the right shoulder. And so the story went on, column after column, finally winding up with:

Of course the entire story given above is a pure fabrication. Not one word of it is true. Not a single actor in incident described has taken place. It is a huge hoax, a wild romance, or whatever other epithet of utter untrustworthiness you may choose to select.

Very few read this last paragraph, however, and the hoax created such a fright in the city that Mr. Connery began to feel that he had made a mistake before he had got half way down town the next morning. Before he had arrived at The Herald office he was simply horrified, so he says, at the mischief he had created, and he stopped the presses from running off extras as quickly as possible.

The only doubtful point about Mr. Connery's explanation is that a man of his undoubted ability and experience as an editor could have been mistaken as to the effect the hoax would produce upon the public.

The ways of suicides are past finding out, but none has pursued a more inscrutable course than the man who at Hampton, Va., first sought to end his life by jumping from a tall tree, at the foot of which he was found with a broken back and several fractured ribs. When taken to a hospital, he remained quiet as long as he was unconscious, but when he came to himself he crawled out of bed, got hold of a heavy iron seal and with it finished the job by beating out his own brains. Most suicides try to leave this world by a method that shall inflict upon themselves as little physical pain as possible.

From 1820 to 1850 there came to this country 4,212,624 immigrants, of whom about 3,400,000 came to settle, while the others were mere visitors or sojourners. During the 33 years, 1856–92, the number of immigrants had risen to the total of 12,371,959, so that altogether during the century about 16,000,000 aliens have arrived in the United States. It is time to call a halt.

Emin Pasha's obituary is still standing. He may be really and truly dead, but who can believe a lying Arab?

Let us all stop work on Saturday afternoon and then take a good rest on Sunday. It is better thus.

Did you enjoin the opening of the fair on Sunday, or are you enjoyin' it?

The Price of Votes Long Ago.

Vote buying and selling is not an exclusive American evil. It is practiced in Great Britain today, and it was at one time carried on far more flagrantly there than here. That most dexterous old party leader that ever sat in the house of commons, Sir Robert Walpole, paid £3,000 to one of his opponents to secure his aid and vote for carrying out a motion he was advocating. The man accepted the gift very graciously. "I should think myself very ungrateful," he said, putting the bill into his pocket, "if I were to refuse the favor you are pleased to ask me."

There was also an immense amount of bribery when the union between England and Ireland was carried through. Votes were worth anywhere from $10,000 to $30,000 at that period, if we accept the most authentic reports.

With such traditions of political corruption staring them in the face our English cousins should think twice before they write anything about political corruption in this country.

—A plantation near New Berne, N. C., netted to its owners $35,000 cash in 1891, a good part of the sum coming from cabbages. The plantation consists of 1,000 acres and is run as a "truck farm," being planted in early vegetables for the northern maket.

—In a recent number of The Cosmopolitan a story was published, entitled "The House of the Dragons," which received wide criticism because of the importance of the life problems involved. A daughter of Bishop Potter, who was for some time connected with important mission work among the working girls of New York, has undertaken to reply, and discusses another side of the question in the July number.

The Lady Dentist,—

Dr. Ella R. Shinn.

Formerly on Bath Street, has removed to No. 202 Mill Street, over Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

The increase in practice and lack of room has compelled me to take larger and more central accommodations. I wish to extend my hearty thanks to my patients and friends for the success I have had in the past year, and propose to do the same good work at reasonable prices.

Dr. Heineken will be at office on next Wednesday morning, to extract teeth without pain by his improved method.

Dr. J. D. Thomas, 912 Walnut Street, Philadelphia,

Makes a specialty of using nitrous oxide gas for the painless extraction of teeth. He has now reached the large number of 190,000 people to whom he has administered it.

Are You Going

to travel? If so you must be careful of your health, or your doctor's bills will cost you more than your travelling expenses. A bottle of Sulphur Bitters will protect you from all sickness incident to a change of climate.—Evening Telegram.

Took First Prize.

The State board of pharmacy recently analyzed twelve of the most popular medicines in order to see whether they were what they were recommended to be. After two weeks of careful work, they awarded the first prize, a gold medal, to Messrs. A. P. Ordway & Co., proprietors of Sulphur Bitters, it being in their opinion the best and only strictly pure blood purifying medicine in the market.—Weekly Chemist.

From Friend to Friend

Goes the story of the excellence of Hood's Sarsaparilla and what it has accomplished, and this is the strongest advertising which is done on behalf of this medicine. We endeavor to tell honestly what Hood's Sarsaparilla is and what it will do, but what it has done is far more important and far more potent. Its unequalled record of cures is sure to convince those who have never tried Hood's Sarsaparilla that it is an excellent medicine.

Trust and Combinations

Are unpopular, but there is one form of trust against which no one has anything to say. That is the trust which the public reposes in Hood's Sarsaparilla, and the best of it is the trust is fully justified by the merit of the medicine. For, remember, HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES.

Just the Thing.

This is an expression the traveling public generally use when they find something that is exactly what they want. This expression applies directly to the Wisconsin Central Lines, which is now admitted by all to be "The Route" from Chicago to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland, Duluth and all points in the Northwest. Their double daily train service and fine equipment offers inducements which cannot be surpassed.

This is the only line running both through Pullman First Class and Tourist Sleepers from Chicago to Pacific Coast Points without change.

For full information address your nearest ticket agent or Jas. C. Pond, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt., Chicago, Ill.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Piles or Hemorrhoid

Permanently cured without knife or ligature. No danger—no suffering. No delay from business while under treatment. Patients who are responsible need not pay until well. A perfect cure guaranteed. Send for circular. R. Reed, M. D., 129 South Thirteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Will We Have Cholera?

If such is to be the deplorable state of affairs, it would not be wise to overlook any precautionary measure. The cheapest and best way to improve the sanitary condition of your home is to scrape off the old paper and have new put on. The Fidelity Wall Paper Co., of 12 North Eleventh Street, Philadelphia, are selling gold embossed papers for 12 and 15 cents. Send four two cent stamps for samples.



Mr. Herman Hicks
Of Rochester, N. Y.

Deaf for a Year
Caused by
Catarrh in the Head

Catarrh is a CONSTITUTIONAL disease, and requires a CONSTITUTIONAL REMEDY like Hood's Sarsaparilla to cure it. Read:

"Three years ago, as a result of catarrh, I entirely lost my hearing and was deaf for more than a year. I tried various things to cure it, and had several physicians attempt it, but no improvement was apparent. **I could distinguish no sound.** I was intending putting myself under the care of a specialist when some one suggested that possibly Hood's Sarsaparilla would do me some good. I began taking it without the expectation of any lasting help. To my **surprise and great joy** I found when I had taken three bottles that my **hearing was returning.** I kept on till I had taken three more. It is now over a year and I can **hear perfectly well.** I am troubled but very little with the catarrh. I consider this a **remarkable cure,** and cordially recommend

Hood's Sarsaparilla

to all who have catarrh." HERMAN HICKS, 30 Carter Street, Rochester, N. Y.

HOOD'S PILLS are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or gripe. Sold by all druggists.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.
Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once.

Wanamaker.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, June 5, 1893.

Women's Muslin Underwear.

Many features of the great sale begun last week mark it as the most notable we have yet made.

In magnitude the movement out-marks all its predecessors—more than four hundred thousand pieces especially gathered for the occasion.

And the wonderfully little prices come from timely, wise and great buying and from knowing how to profit by every means of legitimately saving cost.

Our retail prices for many classes of these goods are less than the makers charge for thousand dozen lots.

Women's Night Gowns.
At 38c—Night Gowns of good Muslin, Mother Hubbard yoke of plaits, cambric ruffle on neck, yoke and sleeves. Three pieces only to one buyer.
At 60c—Night Gowns of good Muslin, Mother Hubbard yoke of fine plaits in clusters, neat Swiss ruffle on neck, yoke and sleeves. Three pieces only to one buyer.
At 65c—Night Gowns of good Muslin, Mother Hubbard yoke of 2 rows Swiss insertion between fine plaits, neat Swiss insertion on neck, yoke and sleeves.
At 65c—Night Gowns of good Cambric, Mother Hubbard yoke of rows of plaits in clusters, wide cambric ruffle on neck, yoke and sleeves. Three pieces only to one buyer.
At 65c—Night Gowns of good Muslin, Mother Hubbard yoke of 54 very fine plaits, collar cuffs and yoke feather stitched.
And so on with all the between prices up to $27 each.

Corset Covers.
At 12c—Good Cambric Corset Covers, square neck trimmed with very neat Swiss edge. Three pieces only to one buyer.
At 25c—Good Cambric Corset Covers, round high neck trimmed with neat pattern Swiss edge.
At 25c—Good Cambric Corset Covers, surplice neck of hemstitched plaiting, torchon insertion and edge. Three pieces only to one buyer.
And so on with all the between prices up to $8.50 each.

Drawers.
At 18c—Good strong heavy Muslin Drawers, wide hem and 3 plaits, Three pieces only to one buyer.
At 30c—Good strong heavy Muslin Drawers, wide hem and 7 fine plaits. Three pieces only to one buyer.
At 40c—Good Muslin Drawers, wide neat Swiss ruffle with plaits above. Three pieces only to one buyer.
And so on with all the between prices up to $12 each.

Skirts.
At 45c—Skirts of good Muslin, cambric ruffle of 4 plaits and 3 plaits above. Three pieces only to one buyer.
At 65c—Skirts of good Muslin, 8-inch cambric ruffle with wide hem and 7 plaits, 9 plaits above.
At $1—Skirts of good Muslin, wide fine Swiss ruffle, plaits above.
At $1.25—Skirts of good Muslin, plaited cambric ruffle trimmed with machine made torchon insertion and edge.
And so on with all the between prices up to $25 each.

For Children.
Good Muslin Drawers, hem and 4 plaits, 2 and 4 years, 8c; 6 years, 10c; 8 and 10 years, 15c; 12 and 14 years, 18c. Three pieces only to one buyer.
Good Muslin Drawers, wide hem and plaits, with continuous side band, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, years size, 20, 25, 30, 33, 35, 38c.

Night Gowns.
Boys' Muslin Night Shirts, collar, cuffs and pocket and down front trimmed with colored feather stitched band, 4, 6, 8 years, 40c: 10, 12, 14, years, 45c.
Good Muslin Night Dresses, Mother Hubbard yoke, woven edge on neck and sleeves, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 years, 25, 30, 35, 40, 45c.
Long and Short Dresses at almost any price.

We put the Atalanta at the head of the Bicycle line; as good as the best and $30 cheaper—$120 instead of $150 for either Roadster, light Roadster or Ladies'.

But the other Bicycles are here—any of them, from little ones for the lad, up.

Keystone, 20 in wheels, cushion tires, $18; 24 in., $21; 26in., $24.
Keystone, 24 in. wheels, cushion tires, $24; 26 in., $27.
Pet, 20 in. wheels, cushion tires and parallel bearings, $20.
Boys' Junior, 24 in. wheels, cushion tires, cone bearings, $25.
No. 1 Cinch, diamond frame, 24 in wheels, cushion tires, ball bearings, $35; No. 2, pneumatic tires, $50.
No. 1 Combination Junior, 24 in. wheels cushion tires, ball bearings, $35; No. 3, 26 in., $45; No. 4, pneumatic tires, $60.
No. 1 Rob Roy, diamond frames, 26 in. wheels, cushion tires, ball bearings, $50; No. 2, pneumatic tires, $65.
Juno, Ladies', 28 in. wheels, ball bearings, cushion tires, $75; pneumatic tires, $90.
No. 2 Crescent, 30 in. wheels, ball bearings, pneumatic tires, $100.
Credenda, pneumatic tires, $115.
Victor Flyer, $150.
Victor, model "D" Roadster, pneumatic, $150.
Victoria, pneumatic, $150.

Book News for June has an admirable plate paper portrait of Dr. Horace Howard Furness, whose "Variorum Shakespeare" has gained fame for himself and his country.

Pictures of the late John Addington Symonds, Rev. Wm. M. Taylor, Madison J. Cawein, Willian Winter and Hawthorne as he appeared in 1850 are also given. Then there are half a dozen illustrations from current books and even more than the usual variety of bookish miscellany.

Book News is 5c, 50c a year.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Miscellaneous

Announcement of

S. Grumbacher & Son,

17 and 19 South Broad St.,

Directly opposite Taylor Opera House,

TRENTON, N. J.

Largest and Most Complete Stock

OF

Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Notions, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods, Millinery, Cloaks, Etc., at Astonishingly Low Prices.

YOU CAN SAVE MONEY AND GET BETTER VALUES BY BUYING OF US.

OUR STORES ENLARGED TO DOUBLE THEIR FORMER SIZE!

Special Inducement to the People of Bristol and Vicinity.

Free Trip!

ALWAYS appreciating the patronage of the people of Bristol and Vicinity, we offer, for a short time only, the following special inducement:

WE will deduct from our already low prices 5 cents on every dollars' worth you buy at our store.

IF you buy Ten dollars' worth we pay your fare to Trenton and return.

THIS applies only to people of Bristol and Vicinity.

WE want your trade.

Take Notice!

Max. Grumbacher, formerly of Bristol, now a member of this firm, is always at the store, and will be pleased to see his friends and patrons and will show them every attention.

WE are assured that when you call once you will call again.

YOUR patronage will be appreciated.

S. Grumbacher & Son.



We strive to give our customers better goods than they can get elsewhere at the prices—that always wins. Other stores may duplicate our prices, but they don't duplicate the goods—BEST MADE CLOTHING IN PHILADELPHIA.

Another fresh assortment of $10 and $15 Serges just in—Blue, Black and Grey; very popular, and great for the money. There are still better suits for a little higher price.

A. C. YATES & CO.
13TH AND CHESTNUT STS.
PHILADELPHIA.

Chinese —AND— Japanese Mattings.

All the good kinds and all the new patterns are here now, and of course at the right prices—from $5 to $24 the roll.

McCallum & McCallum,
1012 & 1014 Chestnut St,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Agents Wanted
—AT ONCE—

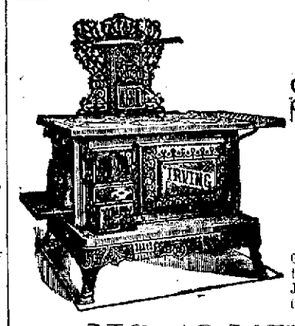
To take orders. Salary or Commission; steady work, prompt pay. Mount Hope Nurseries. Established 1840. Most complete in the World. Write ELLWANGER & BARRY, Rochester, N. Y.

Miscellaneous

The Cardemon CARPETS,
AT LIPPINCOTT'S

We have on hand a line of CARDEMON CARPETS, suitable for bed-rooms, sitting, dining and kitchens, hall and stairways, which will be offered you at very reasonable prices. On account of their durability they will be very much cheaper than either Ingrain or Rag Carpets. Nothing has been left undone by the manufacturer to make these grand wearing Carpets, both for quality and colors. Please come see them at

LIPPINCOTT'S, 145 Mill St., Bristol.



Lewis J. Bevan,
DEALER IN
Stoves, Furnaces, Ranges
—AND—
House Furnishing Goods.

Now is the proper time to invest in a first-class Gasoline Stove. Tin Roofing a Specialty. Custom work done in tin, sheet-iron, copper and zinc. Jobbing and repairing in all its branches attended to promptly. Stove repairs of all kinds.

NO. 10 MILL STREET,
BRISTOL, PA.

Large and Varied Stock!

YOUR ATTENTION IS DIRECTED TO A LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL LINE OF

-SLIPPERS-

Of which we have a larger and more varied assortment than has ever been shown before, and when the quality of goods is considered the prices will astonish you. Gentlemen's Fine Ooze Calf, Fine Alligator in black, wine and tan, Fine Velvet Embroidered. Ladies' Slippers in velvet, corduroy and felt. Slippers for Boys and Youths in velvet, embroidered, and other varieties.

Also, Gentlemen's Patent Leather Shoes and Dancing Pumps, all varieties.

REMEMBER THE PLACE,

No. 3 Bath Street, Bristol.

T. A. FARLEY.



KLEIN'S CLOTHING

ALL PREVIOUS EFFORTS OUTDONE
NEW STOCK
NEW SHAPES
NEW STYLES

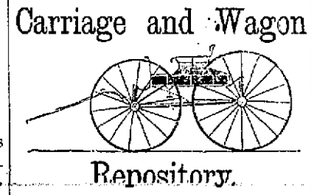
Buying from US you buy from the MAKER and SAVE all but ONE SMALL PROFIT.

BEST $10 SUIT BEST $12 SUIT BEST $15 SUIT and BEST SUITS at all prices for MEN, YOUTHS, BOYS and CHILDREN.

We PAY RAILROAD FARE AT EXCURSION RATES on all purchases of $15 or more and proportionately for less amounts.

D. KLEIN & BRO.,
918-920 MARKET ST.
NEXT TO POST-OFFICE
PHILADELPHIA

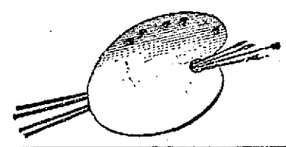
—GO TO THE—
Carriage and Wagon Repository.



CHAS. H. MATHEWS, Proprietor,
Radcliffe and Market Sts., Bristol.
—WHERE YOU WILL FIND—
From 25 to 100 Constantly on Hand.
Also, Harness, Blankets, Whips, Robes, Etc.
Fine Delivery and Milk Wagons,
Repairing, Painting and Trimming Neatly Executed, First-class Horse-Shoeing, and General Blacksmithing. Old Wagons Exchanged.
Lots of Huckster Wagons.

—REMOVAL.—
J. CURTIS HOWELL & SON,
Has Removed to the Store
Cor. of Wood & Penn Sts.,
(Formerly occupied by Wm. Raylman,)
WHERE WILL BE FOUND
Fine Groceries,
PROVISIONS,
Teas, Coffees, Spices.
Fruits & Vegetables in Season
GIVE US A CALL.

S. T. VALENTINE,



House and Sign Painter
GRAINER and GLAZIER,
No. 326 Radcliffe Street,
BRISTOL, PA.
Estimates for Painting furnished upon application.
Numbers for houses at moderate prices.

A New Industry.

The undersigned are prepared to undertake all kinds of Electro-Plating in Nickel, Silver and Gold. Also, Electric Bell Work of every description.

ARDREY BROS.,
Pond Street.

Protection From Fire.

Insure your property in a Company that will secure you against fire at the lowest rates. Send for terms, etc.

LEMUEL THOMAS, Agent,
Box 121. Bristol, Pa.

BRISTOL HARDWARE CO.,
323 Mill Street.
A Full Line of
Hardware & Builders' Supplies,
ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES AND JOBBING.
Goods at Philadelphia Prices.

G. Schiesser, Jr.



AGENT FOR THE FOLLOWING
-:BICYCLES:-
Victor, Derby, Credenda, Relay, Crescent Wilhelm, New York, etc., and almost any wheel you wish. Also, Velocipedes, Tricycles and sundries. Give me a call. Please call evenings.
207 Washington Street.

FOR SALE.
THE LARGE LOT AND STABLES AND Sheds, near Wood and Lafayette Streets. Inquire of JOSEPH S. PEIRCE.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette.

Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter.

THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1893.

Upper Delaware River Transportation Company.

IN EFFECT APRIL 8, 1893.

Steamers Columbia, John A. Warner and Twilight,

Leave Bristol for Philadelphia, at 7 00, 7 30 and 10 00 A. M., 2.15, 4 and 6 P. M.

Leave Philadelphia for Bristol, at 7 30 and 11 45 A. M., 2 15, 4.45 and 6 P. M.

SUNDAYS

Leave Bristol for Phila., at 8 15 and 10 30 A. M. 4 and 5 P. M.

Leave Philadelphia for Bristol at 8.30 A. M. and 2, 3 and 6 P. M.

The Morrelton Inn Orchestra will give daily concerts on the Steamer Columbia, leaving Philadelphia at 2 P. M., returning leave Bristol at 4 P. M.

Inter-State Steamboat Co.

Steam. Florence

Leaves Bristol at 8 15 A. M for Phila Returning leaves Philadelphia, (Arch Street wharf,) at 3.00 P. M.

SUNDAYS, Leaves Bristol 8 10 A. M and 3 10 P. M. Leaves Philadelphia 10 15 A. M and 6.15 P. M.

CHANGE OF TIME

Steamer **Nellie Bly** will leave Bristol and Burlington, Saturdays at 2 o'clock P. M. and Sundays 10 o'clock A. M only Returning, leaving CLIFTON PARK at 6 o'clock P. M.

The boat can be engaged for Sunday Schools, Moonlight Excursions, or by private parties for trips any where on the Delaware.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

—Council meets next Monday evening

—George W. Booth has opened a new shoe store on Dorrance street.

—There were no loans for sale at the Bristol Building Association last Monday evening.

—An attachment was issued Tuesday for George Lyon, a witness in Bristol cases, who failed to materialize.

—Some of Bristol's sewers emit fearful smells. They should be flushed at once, and frequently, during the summer

—The building at the corner of Mulberry and Wood streets, owned by Ann Stocks, has been purchased by William Kinsey for $1,425.

—The new ferry boat has made her trial trip and her performance was entirely satisfactory, and she will regularly ply in the waters between Bristol and Burlington in a few days

—A company has been organized to run a Ferry between Bridesburg and Riverton, N. J., and a liberal offer has been made for the old ferry boat now running between Bristol and Burlington.

—The celebrated little Vernon Brothers will give a musical and elocutionary entertainment in the Baptist Church next Tuesday evening Admission, 25 and 15 cents; proceeds for the Sunday School library.

—A Philadelphia gentleman came to town yesterday to locate a corner lot, the consideration mentioned in the deed being $1000. After proper inquiry he found that it was located in the marsh west of town, and was comparatively valueless.

—Executions were issued in the prothonotary's office last week by Caroline M. Jeanes against Nathan Hellings on a judgment for $15,000, Caroline M Jeanes against Nathan Hellings and Tunis J. Hellings on a judgment for $15,000.

—Max Dress expects to launch another venture to-day upon the sea of journalism. He calls it The Delaware Valley Press, and if the anticipations [illegible] realized, it will be a mighty power all up and down the Delaware Valley from Trenton to the Sea.

—List of letters remaining in the Bristol Post Office June 8th: Mrs Bush, Miss Annie Clark, Miss Helen Chew, Mr. C. Cummings, Miss Ellie Clarke, Miss Josie Devinney, Mr. Geo W. Price, Mr. William Slack, Miss Lizzie Turner, Mr. Wm. Walton, Mr. Willie Wilson.

—The annual meeting of the congregation of the Presbyterian Church was held on Monday evening, and the following gentlemen were elected to serve as trustees for the ensuing year: Dr. Howard Pursell, John C. Stuckert, Dr. W P. Weaver, George Strauser, W. G. Buckman, Richard Corson, Thos. Muschert

—The annual Children's Day services will be held by the Baptist Sunday-School on Sunday morning at half past ten o'clock, in the auditorium of the church, corner Walnut and Cedar streets. An interesting programme of choice music and recitations will be rendered. Everybody very cordially invited to attend.

—Ground was broken this morning at the corner of Jefferson Avenue and Wood street for the erection of the new chapel of St. Paul's Mission Little Fairbairn Gilkeson, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Weir Gilkeson, excavated the first shovelful of earth. The building will be of stone, about 50x75 feet, and the basement story will be erected this season.

—The bill before the Legislature to enable Bristol Borough to increase its bonded indebtedness, and which had passed the Senate, failed to become a law by a reason of the adjournment of the Legislature last Thursday. It had passed its second reading in the House, and was within three bills of being reached when the hour for adjournment had arrived.

JUDGE YERKES' CHARGE TO THE GRAND JURY.

The regular June term of criminal court began at 10 o'clock, Monday, Judge Yerkes, presiding. The large number of cases on the trial list brought an unusually large attendance.

The constables then made their usual returns. Constable Saxton, returned Hugh Harkins, Jr., of this borough, for furnishing liquor to Bernard McGinley. The Court directed that a bench warrant be issued at once for Harkins' arrest.

After referring to and defining the crimes likely to be laid before the Grand Jury the Court charged the jury, according to the report in the Doylestown Democrat, substantially as follows, on the liquor cases, in which Bristol parties are particularly interested

We may sentence to the penitentiary and county prison reckless characters time and again, but unless we are sustained by the healthy sentiment of the community, the time of the Court is wasted in the endeavor to enforce the law. There is in every community a class of roughs, generally known by the more expressive term of "toughs," who, though ordinarily law abiding, become intoxicated in order to give them courage to commit acts of violence They are not generally a courageous set of men; they are bullies and cowards, and would not make good soldiers. Whenever you find a man standing on the street corners endeavoring to bully people who do not want to fight, he is generally a craven at heart. He gets whisky to given him courage to go out on the street and beat whomsoever he may chance to insult.

My experience in the courts and in society teaches me that these people know at the time what they are doing. But they are inspired by a false courage, which prompts them to do what they would not while sober. From the thickly settled portions of the county, like Doylestown, Bristol, New Hope and Quakertown, we have had this kind of people before the Court. We have discharged some, sent others to prison, had them stand up here and take the pledge, and in every instance the pledge has been broken. We can't keep these people in prison all the time, it apparently does them no good and the law does not contemplate long sens for such crimes.

If there is any other cause at the bottom of these cases it is time to strike at it, and to strike vigorously As long as these men are sober, they are safe at large; when drunk they are dangerous. We have two such men in the dock now (referring to McGinley and Milligan), both have been here before. They belong to this class, but they ought to be respectable men. Instead they are here to answer the charge of assault and battery with intent to kill.

Now, the law permits the sale of intoxicating drinks, but only under certain restrictions. The landlord is expected to obey the law; if he does not he must be held to a strict accountability. It is to the interest of every respectable landlord that the class of people referred to should not be furnished intoxicating drinks. To do so brings them into suspicion and disrepute, and subsequently entails upon them expenses and inconvenience. We do not say that people who go out of court publicly branded as persons of known intemperate habits get intoxicated from liquor sold directly to them by landlords, because it does seem contrary to common sense that a respectable landlord would do this. He might as well be expected to put his hand in the fire.

But under the present law there has sprung up a class of intermediaries—men who, themselves apparently sober and law-abiding, for the sake of a little gain, buy liquor for persons who cannot get it at hotels themselves. Just in proportion as the landlords obeys the laws, these intermediaries prosper. They watch around the hotels, and when a man is refused liquor, follow him out and bargain with him to buy him his whisky. In some cases, the Court regrets to say that these go-betweens are in league with the landlord. If you want to stop the evil you must strike at the root. It will not do to protect these go betweens, and if they are protected by officers, they, too, should be punished more severely than the man committing the offence.

The Court has reason to believe that there are a number of people in Bristol who follow this business of furnishing liquor to habitual drunkards, and that they are protected by the constables. We have a case before us in which the constable, although he knew who furnished liquor to a person convicted of drunkeness in this court, refused to make a return until threatened with prosecution for his failure to do so.

We now lay these matters before you for your action, recommendation and comment. The moral sentiment in a community is in a measure represented by you, and you cannot expect any degree of law and order above the level of your own actions. This is a question of dollars and cents to the people of the county If there is any way of doing away with this character of crime by eradicating it and its causes, you are not only doing your duty to the law, but conferring a favor upon the tax-payers by taking prompt action.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mrs. Mary Ann Scott, of Doylestown, is visiting Bristol friends this week.

Mrs. George W. Strauser has returned from a visit to Atlantic City

Mr. and Mrs. Walter F. Leedom left this morning for the World's Fair.

Miss Eloise O. Thomas left Bristol yesterday for a visit to friends in Ohio.

Ex-Senator Charles S. Vandegrift and wife, of Bensalem, have gone to the World's Fair.

Mrs. Charles F. Steel left Bristol yesterday to spend the summer in Manchester, Vermont.

The marriage of Mr. Patrick F. Keating and Miss Maggie Hines on the 14th inst., is announced.

Miss Alice Dell and Miss Kate D Cropper, of Woodbury, N. J, were the guests of Mrs. William Blackwood this week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Dallett, of Wilmington, Del, were the guests of Miss Annie Hoguet for several days this week.

Mr. Edward C. Reardon and Miss Hannah Harbison, both of Bloomsdale, were married in St. Mark's church yesterday.

A. C. Johnson, of Bensalem, consul to Stuttgart, Germany, left for his post of duty on Tuesday on the North German Lloyd steamer, Havel.

Mrs. H K. Love, of Des Moines, Iowa, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. William V. Leech, for several weeks, leaves to-day for her home

Harry J. Shoemaker, Esq, for the past four years private secretary to the Second Comptroller for the United States Treasury, has opened his law office in the second story of the Siegler building, Doylestown.

George J. Sheppard, of this borough, has recently come into the possession of a snug sum of money by the death of an uncle, who resided in the South of England. He received the other day a remittance of nearly $4,000, and started for England to see about the value of some houses and lots located there.

Miss Gladys Blackwood entertained eighteen of her young friends the other day at Riverview Hall, the occasion being the celebration of the young lady's fourth birth-day. The lower floor of the hall was used as a play-room, while in the upper one refreshments consisting of ice cream, cakes, etc, were served. The little ones enjoyed themselves greatly.

—Another proposed trolley road, to pass through Lower Bucks county, is now talked about. It is called the Suburban Railroad company, to run from Philadelphia to Morrisville, and recently obtained a charter The route runs from Morrisville, passing through Fallsington, Langhorne, Neshaminy Falls, Trappe, Byberry Point, Bustleton, Frankford, and thence to Sixty-third and Market streets, Philadelphia. Agents for the company will probably soon go over the route asking for the right of way in this county An ordinance was introduced in Common council, Philadelphia, on Thursday, June 2, granting permission to lay tracks and use electric motors on the route through the city limits

—The overhauling of the old Delaware House at Bristol, which was built far back in the last century, has brought to light many interesting relics, says the Philadelphia Record. The bar proved especially prolific, and yielded some Queen Anne pewter, several English shillings of the last century, a pair of slippers with silver buckles, and a brass button with the stamp of Lafayette upon it. The hotel was a favorite one in earlier days, and not only Lafayette, but Presidents Madison, Tyler and Fillmore stopped there on their travels. Joseph Bonaparte, who had his estate across the river at Bordentown, was a frequent visitor to the Delaware House bar, and staid there once quite a while

—Mrs. Phœbe A. Kirkbride, while on a visit to friends in New York state, died, after about a weeks' illness, of pneumonia, at Sherwood, N. Y. The remains arrived at Bristol on Monday evening, and the funeral took place on Tuesday afternoon from her late residence on Radcliffe street, the interment being made at Fallsington. Mrs. Kirkbride was about 80 years of age She was a consistent member of the Society of Friends, and highly respected and loved by all who knew her.

—The funeral of Mrs. Mariah Johnson took place from the home of her granddaughter, Mrs. Lewis Loechner, on Pond street, Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock, services were conducted by her pastor, Rev. W. H Clipman. Mrs. Johnson formerly resided in Bristol, but for some years has been an invalid in the Episcopal Hospital, Philadelphia. Her death, caused by cancer, occurred on Saturday morning.

—Mrs. Charles Wilson, while riding her bicycle on Sunday evening, on Radcliffe street, came in collision with a team coming out of Mulberry street and was knocked down. She received several severe injuries about the head and had several of her front teeth loosened. Dr. Weaver gave the necessary surgical aid and removed her to her home on the Avenue.

NEW BOOKS IN THE BRISTOL LIBRARY.

The following new books have been added to the Bristol Library: "Morocco as it is," by Stephen Bonsall, Jr.; "The Tuscan Republics," by Bella Duffy; "From Adam's Peak to Elephanta, sketches in Ceylon and India," by Edward Carpenter; "The Puritan in Holland, England and America," by Douglas Campbell; "Inflelice," by Augusta Evans Wilson; "Susy, a Story of the Plains," by Bret Harte, "Katharine North," by Maria Louise Pool, "Who is the Man?," by J. Selwin Tait, "Marcia," by W. E. Norris, "The Hallam Succession," by Amelia E Barr; "My Friend Pasquale," by J. Selwin Tait, "Donald Marcy," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, "In the Suntime of Her Youth," by Beatrice Whitby; "White Jacket, or the World on a Man of-War," by Herman Melville, "Children of the King," by F Marion Crawford, "At the Mercy of Tiberius," by Augusta Evans Wilson; "Time's Revenges," by David Christie Murray, "A Golden Wedding and other stories," by Ruth McEnery Stuart; "Lost Illusions," translated from the French of Honore de Balzac and "An Earthly Paragon," by Eva Wilder McGlasson

TRANSFERS OF REAL ESTATE.

The following were among deeds presented for record in the office of Recorder Isaac O'Connell, during the past week:

Bristol—Leamington Land association, lots to the following. J. George Brueckman, April 11, 1893, $825; William J Ringeisen, April 11, 1893, $650; Max Brueckman, May 22, 1893, $1. 755, Leffman Hope, May 22, 1893, $260, Albert C. Lowe, April 11, 1893, $585; George Hittinger, May 15, 1893, $180, James Irwin, May 15, 1893, $65, Jeremiah C. Collamore, May 15, 1895, Daniel S. Dengle, May 15, 1893, $910; Margaret D. Filbert, May 15, 1893, $195; Ludwig S. Filbert, May 15, 1893; Lawrence Bur, lot, April 29, 1893, $455, Jacob H. Herzog, April 11, 1893, $65, Justus Brauer, May 22. 1893, $650; Lizzie S. Greer, May 22, 1893, $710, William Kinsey, et al., to Dennis Leary, lot May 3, 1847, $80. Ellen Leary to Marshall R. Smith, lot, May 18, 1893, $900, J. Lewis Guyon to Henry L. Burton, May 15, 1893, $1,550, Harrison Streeter to John T. Thorne, lot, May 27, 1893, $1,500, Paul Jendryk to A. Weir Gilkeson, lot, May 29, 1893, $1,100, Thomas B. Douglass to Robert Warden, lot, May 13, 1893, $2,400.

—Rev. Joseph K. Freed was yesterday installed pastor of the Jacksonville and Bustleton churches. The Presbytery of Monmouth met in the Presbyterion Church, Burlington, for examination of the candidate for ordination. After a satisfactory examination the Presbytery proceeded to Jacksonville church where the exercises of ordination and installation took place. Rev. B S. Everett, Moderator of Presbytery, presided Rev. J. J. Coale, of Mount Holly, preached the sermon; Rev. E. B Hodge, D.D., of Burlington, gave the charge to the pastor, and Rev. J. B Howell to the congregation. After partaking of a collation prepared by the ladies of the church, the Presbytery proceeded to the Presbyterian Church, Bustleton, where Mr. Freed was installed pastor over the congregation at that place. Rev. E. B. Hodge, D D., presided, Rev. B. S. Everett, of Frenchtown, preached the sermon, Rev. G. T. Bedy, of Beverly, gave the charge to the pastor, and Rev. W. P. Finney, of Moorestown, to the congregation. After prayer by Rev. W. C. Hendrickson, of Bristol, the services closed with the benediction by the pastor.

—A detail of United States Engineers are engaged in making the preliminary surveys under the instruction of Major Newbold, of the United States Engineer Corps, to the end that an appropriation may be made by Congress to defray the expense of the removal of the lower end of the bar between Burlington and Bristol. The survey is made at the request of Charles E Scott, the Bristol member of the Board of Port Wardens of Philadelphia. The bar at present is a great obstruction to navigation, and is increasing each year. At present the channel between Burlington and Bristol, at one point, is only about one hundred feet wide, and unless steps are taken to prevent would eventually close navigation above, and make Burlington the head of steam navigation on the Delaware river.

—G. P. W. C. C., Mrs Dr. Julia P. Shade, of Philadelphia, visited Bristol Chamber, No. 5, C. of F., last night, and presented to six of the Companions each a handsome gold emblem of honor. The recipients were Mrs. Barhhill, Mrs. Mackie, Mrs. Girton, Mrs. T. Johnson, Mrs. E. C. Rich and Mrs S. A. Jones. After a treat of ice cream and cake the lady left on the 11:21 train.

—The Lancaster county lice have pushed forward to within five miles of the Chester county line. The farmers and others are fearful lest the plague spread among them. Sulpher fumes seem to be the only thing effective in driving out the pests.

HE ISSUED WORTHLESS CHECKS.

William R. Hunt, aged about 45 who gives his residence as Edgely, Bucks county, was arraigned at the Central Police Station, Philadelphia, Friday afternoon, on the charge of passing fraudulent checks. The arrest was made at the insance of J. Simpson Africa, president of the Union Trust Company.

The officers of the Union Trust and Safe Deposit Company several days ago made complaint to Police Superintendent Linden that for two years past they had been receiving checks from other banks which had been placed there on deposit. These checks were drawn on the Union Trust Company and signed by W. R. Hunt, who had no account with the trust company. The company's officers asked to have the annoyance stopped. Detective Geyer was detailed to look up Hunt, who was said to be a well-known man about town. He found Hunt in the Girard House barroom, and arrested him and took him before Magistrate Clement, at the City Hall, who committed the prisoner under $1000 bail for a further hearing next Friday.

The detectives say that Hunt formerly was a prosperous livery stable proprietor, but, ruined himself by gambling. They say he has been "keeping afloat" for two years past by getting his former friends mostly saloon keepers and cigar dealers, to loan him small amounts on the worthless checks and escaped arrest so far on account of the trivial character of these loans. They say the trust company's officers, however became apprehensive that Hunt would eventually, if allowed to go unchecked, swindle some one out of a larger amount, and that it was time to call a halt on him.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or gripe. Sold by all druggists.

—Scarcely anything in daily use is more common than paint, indoors or out, it is before us all the time. We could not do without it. Our doors, windows, walls, ceilings, stairs, are all protected by paint, often beautified by it. A vast amount of money is spent annually in paint—much of it foolishly, for it is commodity that is well understood by the people. If they are buying almost anything else that is to wear, they will get that which looks the best, lasts the longest, gives most satisfaction and costs the least in proportion to its value

With paint, they seem satisfied if it is called paint. Is it not reasonable to suppose that there is just as much difference in the quality of paint as of cloth, silk or satin? Chilton Paints cost more to manufacture than any other, but they cost the consumer less, because it takes less to do a certain amount of work, and when once it is done it need not be touched for years

Chilton Manufacturing Co, Boston and New York.

Miscellaneous

FOR SALE.

Bicycle—'92 Lady's Columbia, Cushion Tire. Good Condition. Call or address, Dr. J. T. STRADLING, 219 Market St, Bristol, Pa.

Cheap John Cut Prices.

25 plants in full bloom,	$1 00
Rose Bushes in full bloom,	25c.
Geraniums in bloom,	8c.
Carnations, per dozen,	15c.
Rose buds, per dozen,	50c.
	or 5 cents each.
A Beautiful Boquet,	25c.

My cut flowers always fresh. Floral designs artistically arranged.

☞Cabbage, Tomato, Pepper and Egg Plants transplanted and in pots.

***My stock is the Largest, cheapest and best in the county. I call your attention to the fact that I grow everything I advertise, which is a guarantee I know what I am selling. Until May 1st every purchaser will receive a beautiful present.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

J. Thos. DeWitt,

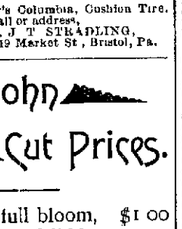
Pond St., near Walnut,

BRISTOL, PA.

Telephone No. 4.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CATARRH

Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.



Try the Cure. **HAY-FEVER**

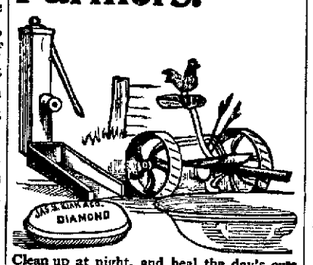
A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists, by mail registered, 60 cents

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St, New York.

Bellefonte Cottage, James Roberts, proprietor, No. 620 Atlantic avenue, above New Jersey, Atlantic City, N. J. Terms, from $8 to $12 per week. Transient Boarding Open all the year.

Miscellaneous

Farmers!



Clean up at night, and heal the day's cuts and bruises with

KIRK'S DUSKY DIAMOND TAR SOAP

because of its high percentage of tar. ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.

White Russian Soap Insures White Clothes, Clean Clothes, Healthy Clothes.

FOR SALE.

A Good Cow for sale cheap, on easy terms. THOS. DeWITT, Pond Street

WANTED—Ladies to do writing at home, will pay $18 to $20 per week Send self-addressed, stamped for reply Address, MME WRIGHT, Mishawaka, Ind

For Sale--Bargain.

A GOOD SIX-ROOM HOUSE, ON EAST SIDE of Wood Street, Bristol Pa Apply to JESSE H. KNIGHT, Holmeville, Pa

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of EMILY N PERKINS, late of Bristol borough, Bucks County, deceased.

LETTERS testamentary on above Estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same, without delay, to LUCIUS S LANDRETH, Executor, 629 Drexel Building, Philadelphia, Pa

Farmers' National Bank of Bucks Co.

BRISTOL, PA, May 2, 1893

THE Board of Directors have this day declared a Dividend of EIGHT PER CENT payable on demand, clear of all taxes, and have added Five Thousand Dollars to the Surplus Fund, making that fund $115,000

CHARLES E SCOTT, Cashier.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of MORDECAI THOMAS, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks Co, Pa

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate settlement, and all persons having legal claims against the said estate are requested to present the same in proper form, without delay, for settlement, to

LEMUEL THOMAS, JOHN REES, Executors

An Ordinance

Granting permission to the Bristol and Trenton Electric Passenger Railway Company to lay tracks along the Frankford and Bristol Turnpike Road in the Borough of Tullytown, and to operate its road and proposed extensions thereof by electrical power, and to erect poles and other apparatus, stringing wires and maintain the same, for that purpose, and imposing regulations, conditions and restrictions in respect thereto and in respect to the maintenance of the tracks and road-bed upon which said tracks are or may hereafter be located.

SECTION 1 Be it enacted and ordained by the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Tullytown, and it is hereby ordained and enacted by authority of the same that permission be and the same is hereby granted to the Bristol and Trenton Electric Passenger Railway Company to build and operate its road and proposed extensions thereof within the limits of the Borough of Tullytown by electrical power, and for that purpose to erect poles and string wires and maintain the same and do all and every lawful act and thing necessary to construct and re-construct and equip and re-equip said railway and road-bed, and maintain the same and to operate said railway with electric motors, the said motors shall be supplied from overhead wires supported by poles not less than twenty feet high, which the said company is authorized to erect and maintain and to be placed opposite each other within the curb lines and connected with street wires.

SECTION 2 The poles used in construction or re-construction of said railway shall be placed on the inside of the curb about two inches therefrom, and in such a manner as to cause the least possible obstruction and injury to the curb and sidewalk, and so as not to unnecessarily obstruct such portions of the front of private property as may be needed or be lawfully in use for business purposes by the owner or tenant of such property, where a dispute arises as to the placing or locating of such poles the Street Committee shall decide where the same shall be located no poles required by the said company shall be placed on the outside of the curb line of any street without the express permission of the Street Committee and all poles shall be erected, located and maintained under the supervision of the said Street Committee.

SECTION 3 In construction or re-construction of the road-beds and railway tracks the said company shall cause their tracks to be laid or re-laid and kept on a level with the present established grades or may hereafter be established for the streets on which said tracks are now located, or may hereafter be located The rails used by the said company in the construction, maintenance and operation of their said road within the Borough limits shall be flat and shall be laid in the middle of the streets, and shall be laid at such distance apart as that wagon vehicle can run thereon, the said company shall keep the road between the rails and for a distance of eighteen inches from the outside of each rail through the Borough in good repair at their own expense. Whenever and wherever poles are erected by said company it shall carefully replace the material excavated and relay and keep in good repair all bricks, flagging or other paving so that the same walk shall be in good condition and according to Borough regulations

SECTION 4 The said railway company shall at all times be liable for any and all damage done to individuals or to private or public property by reason of any faulty or defective construction or maintenance of its road bed, railway tracks, poles, wires or other apparatus, and should any damage be recovered against the Borough by reason of any faulty or defective construction or maintenance as aforesaid, such sums shall be recoverable by the Borough from the company, as debts of like amount are by law recoverable.

SECTION 5. In removing snow or ice from the tracks of the said company the same shall not be thrown in heaps along the side of the tracks, but shall be carefully and evenly distributed so as not to obstruct travel

SECTION 6 The said railway company under its seal and through its proper officers duly authorized by its board of directors to act shall within fifteen days after the approval of this Ordinance signify in proper writing filed with the Clerk of Council their acceptance of the regulations, conditions and restrictions of this Ordinance.

SECTION 7 All Ordinances and parts of Ordinances inconsistent herewith are hereby repealed.

Enacted into an Ordinance this 5th day of June, A D., 1893.

HENRY LOVETT, Chief Burgess

Attest—C. MANNINGTON, Clerk of Council

MINSTER & BAKER,

(Successors to Strueble & Son.)

DEALERS IN

UPPER LEHIGH, LATIMER and HAZLETON

COAL,

WOOD, FLOUR, FEED, ETC.

Office: Bath & Otter Sts.

☞Orders received at E W. Minster's Livery Office, Pond Street, near P. R. R. Depot.

Miscellaneous

THOMPSON & SONS. THE CASH

BRISTOL GRAND DEPOT.

CORNER MILL AND CEDAR STREETS.

Black, Green, Japan Teas, 25c. per lb. and upwards.

Good Coffees at 25c. per lb.

Gilt Edge Butter,

New Cream Cheese,

Swiss Cheese,

Try Thompson's Best Flour.

Largest Stock, Greatest Assortment,

Finest Goods. Lowest Prices.

SAVE YOUR MONEY BY DEALING AT

THE CASH,

Mill and Cedar Streets.

SAMUEL W. BLACK,

DEALER IN

FINE GROCERIES!

FRUITS

AND PROVISIONS.

TEAS and COFFEES a Specialty.

Goods Delivered Promptly.

YOUR TRADE SOLICITED.

COR. OF RADCLIFFE & MILL STS.,

BRISTOL, PA.

E. M. Eldridge's

Grocery and Provision Store, Wood and Mulberry Sts.,

IS THE PLACE FOR

Fresh Vegetables in Season

Oh, my! what Excellent Flour Eldridge has—whiter than snow—you know.

☞Our MACKEREL are first class, and can be relied on, they are new and fat. Try them.

Our Motto:

"Good Goods — Low Prices."

B. C. FOSTER,

Watchmaker & Jeweler,

Cor. Mill and Wood Sts.,

BRISTOL, PA.

Has constantly on hand all the new designs in

Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry and Silverware,

Spectacles & Eyeglasses,

Black Enamel, Walnut and Oak Clocks.

☞Particular attention given to Repairing Fine Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. All work done at home and warranted to give satisfaction.

DISTANT NEAR DISTANT NEAR

☞Housworth, Specialist on the Eye, will be at the jewelry store of B C. Foster, corner of Mill and Wood streets, on Monday, June 12th, from 9 a. m. until 5 o'clock, p. m., to examine eyes free of charge.

Sherman & Peirce,

LUMBER

—AND—

MILL WORK

—AT—

REASONABLE PRICES.

Canal and Dorrance Sts.,

BRISTOL, PA.

Farms & Houses

FOR SALE AND TO RENT.

Rents and All Other Bills Collected.

EDW. N. BOOZ,

No. 10 Wood Street, Bristol, Pa.

Upholstering and Repairing OF FURNITURE of all kinds

CARPETS beaten, sewed and laid Window Shades, Awnings Slip Covers Mattresses made over—hair thoroughly picked, feathers renovated by steam

Chairs Re-Caned.

Orders from the surrounding country will receive my personal attention

Chas. H. Ancker,

Mill Street, next to Post-office

BRISTOL, PA.

A. F. Yeutter,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

Latest Styles.

Popular Prices.

RADCLIFFE STREET,

Near Market,

BRISTOL, PA.

LOOK BEFORE YOU

GO OUT OF TOWN TO BUY

Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, Novelties and Clocks, is SUPERB!

BAYLIES' JEWELRY STORE,

307 Mill Street, Bristol.

Queen's Sarsaparilla.

An excellent Spring Medicine, and Blood Purifier.

Pleasant to the taste.
Efficient in its action.
Large Bottle.
Small Dose.

For Sale at

DR. PURSELL'S

DRUG STORE.

Mill and Cedar Sts., Bristol, Pa.

S. W. GROFF,

DEALER IN

Fine - Groceries,

PROVISIONS, MEATS,

Fresh & Dried Fruits, Canned Goods, Vegetables, etc.

45 MILL STREET,

BRISTOL, PA.

FOR SALE.

The Stock, Good Will and Fixtures of and Ice Cream and Confectionery business on Radcliffe street, Bristol, Pa Apply to A. WEIR GILKESON.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

SELECTIONS

A REMARKABLE POEM.

Made Up of Quotations From Thirty-eight of the Leading Poets.

The following very remarkable little poem is a contribution from the pen of Mrs. H. A. Deming. The reader will see that each line is a quotation from one of the standard authors of England and America. This is the result of a year's laborious search among the voluminous writings of 38 leading poets of the past and present. The number of each line refers to its author below:

LIFE.

1. Why all this toil for triumphs of an h...
2. Life's a short summer, man a flow...
3. By turns we catch the vital breath...
4. The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh
5. To be is better far than not to be.
6. Though all men's life may seem a tr...
7. But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb.
8. The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
9. Your fate is but the common fate of all
10. Unmingled joys here no man can befall
11. Nature to each allots its proper sphere.
12. Fortune makes folly her peculiar care.
13. Custom does often reason overrule
14. And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
15. Live well; how long or short, permit to heaven.
16. They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.
17. Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face—
18. Vile intercourse where virtue has no place
19. Then keep each passion down, however dear.
20. Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and a tear.
21. Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay,
22. With craft and skill to ruin and betray.
23. Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise.
24. We masters grow of all that we despise.
25. Oh, then, renounce that impious self-esteem.
26. Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.
27. Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave;
28. The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
29. What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat—
30. Only destructive to the brave and great.
31. What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?
32. The way of bliss lies not on beds of down.
33. How long we live, not years but actions tell—
34. That man lives twice who lives the first life well.
35. Make, then, while yet ye may, your God your friend.
36. Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.
37. The trust that's given guard and to yourself be just.
38. For live we how we can, but die we must.

1. Young. 2. Dr. Johnson. 3. Pope. 4. Prior. 5. Sewell. 6. Spenser. 7. Daniel. 8. Sir Walter Scott. 9. Longfellow. 10. Southwell. 11. Congreve. 12. Churchill. 13. Rochester. 14. Armstrong. 15. Milton. 16. Bailey. 17. Trench. 18. Somerville. 19. Thompson. 20. Byron. 21. Smollett. 22. Crabbe. 23. Massinger. 24. Crowley. 25. Beattie. 26. Cowper. 27. Sir Walter Davenant. 28. Gray. 29. Willis. 30. Addison. 31. Dryden. 32. Francis Charles. 33. Watkins. 34. Herrick. 35. William Mason. 36. Hill. 37. Dana. 38. Shakespeare.

—San Francisco Times.

What Makes Telephones Dear.

Telephone charges in our cities are high because the American Bell Telephone company steadily increases its capital, its royalties and its profits and to a much less degree because of the expenses or profits of the local organization with which the customer deals.

The local companies are by no means worked as charities or managed for the benefit of the public. Quite the contrary. The Bell Telephone company of Philadelphia pays and has paid for years past a steady 12 per cent on its capital of $560,000, all cash as to local subscriptions. It had accumulated in 1891, after ten years, a surplus of $651,394, and it put $414,951 of this into underground conduits and the loss incident to the change. Since the year ending December 31, 1886, when the company began its regular quarterly dividend of 3 per cent it has just about doubled its business, advancing its gross receipts, as nearly as can be made out from its very inadequate reports, from $350,412 in the calendar year 1886 to $710,534 in the year ending June 30, 1891.

This is very fair prosperity. Dividends of 12 per cent, an addition of $91,195 to surplus and $414,951 put into plant in five years on an original investment of $560,000 is certainly such a return as would satisfy most. But this is simply nothing to the march of the parent company.—Philadelphia Press.

Is the Fair a Rich Man's Show?

In an editorial you say there are "65,000,000 Americans to be amused, and fully one-third of them have money enough to pay their way to Chicago and back."

I challenge that statement. One-third of 65,000,000 would be 21,666,666⅔. I venture to say that not one-half of that number have money enough to pay their way to Chicago from their homes and back. I venture to say that not one-sixth of the inhabitants of New York city or of any other city, town, village or hamlet in the United States 200 miles distant from Chicago have money enough today to pay their way to that city and back. As for the World's fair, it is a rich man's show. The poor man can't attend unless he lives in Chicago or very near it.—Cor. New York Advertiser.

Building Bridges In Egypt.

When the railway swing bridge across the Nile at Kafr Tayat was opened, the khedive complimented the engineer on his work. With the customary salute, the latter replied to the following effect: "It is my duty as your highness' faithful servant to point out to him that if anything should happen to the swinging part of the bridge we have nothing ready to repair it with, and a serious delay might be caused in the traffic." "What should be done?" asked the khedive. "A spare bridge should be ordered," replied the faithful servant. A bridge was ordered and after lying in heaps for some years was utilized in another part of the country.—Engineering Magazine.

Moonstruck Sailors.

There is no doubt that persons are often moonstruck, particularly in the tropics. There is in port today the master of a vessel whose face is horribly distorted by a shock from the moon's rays while he was crossing the equator on his way north. On warships no one is allowed to sleep on deck, and the lunar rays therefore cannot reach them, but on merchant vessels, where there is less discipline, especially in hot weather, tars sleep on deck and are often picked up insensible in the morning.—Philadelphia Record.

Ornaments of the Ancients.

The earliest forms of bracelets, wreaths and other personal decorations in gold of the Assyrians, Egyptians, Greeks and Etruscans were fashioned and hammered cold and not having their parts soldered together. It is an entire mistake to suppose, though the statement has frequently been made, that ornaments were at any time made of pure gold. This was an impossibility because the fragility of gold without alloy made it impracticable ever to attain a higher standard than 23 carats in 24.—London Times.

A Juvenile Opinion.

An observing little girl, who lives in the upper part of the city, does her own thinking and speaks right out with juvenile frankness, was looking at some pictures the other evening and came across one which represented a woman in a full sized hoopskirt, such as was worn when the style was at its height. She studied it as a rare curiosity for a second, and then exclaimed: "Mamma, just look at this lady with an umbrella on."—Detroit Free Press.

Growing a Beard.

"Come now, Jawkins," I said, "why don't you wear a beard? You know that a fellow with an absurdly squat face like yours would look much better with a tuft on your chin."

"I know it," he replied, shaking his head with a sigh of despair. "I know it, but the truth is, Slubber, I'm afraid."

"Afraid!" I exclaimed. "Who on earth are you afraid of?"

"My barber," said Jawkins in a low, terrified whisper.

I repeated the words with some astonishment.

"Yes!" he explained. "That's exactly it. The reason why most Americans wear only mustaches is that they're afraid of their barbers.

"Every time I begin to grow a beard I go to the barber to have it trimmed. The barber doesn't say anything, but his whole demeanor is so sarcastic and sneering that I can see he thinks I am having a beard only because it's cheaper than a smooth face. As I sit in the chair I feel more contemptible every minute, and when I leave it is as a craven wretch almost beyond the pale of humanity. I think a barber can do more sneering without saying anything than the most biting orator.

"Once I had a 10 days' growth of beard. I wanted it clipped a little. I knew that barber was waiting for me in his den as a spider awaits the hapless fly. I grew desperate and went and drank cocktails.

"At length, in a fighting mood and redolent of liquor, I braved him in his lair. Throwing myself in a chair, I bid him groom me and be blowed to him without giving any back talk. The contest was short, sharp and decisive. My drunken violence was useless against the rapierlike thrust of the calm and sarcastic barber. I left the place thoroughly hairless.

"And that's why I don't grow a beard, Slubber," concluded Jawkins. "But you needn't tell the whole town about it."—New York Herald.

A Young Man's Composition.

A cash prize was offered the boys at Good Will farm, Maine, for the best essay on their situations 25 years hence. The product of the winner follows, and it has so pleased the senior class of Bowdoin that they have undertaken the author's education:

"Twenty-five years ago I was requested to write a composition on what I hoped to be 25 years from then. I refrain from saying what I wrote but will tell what I am.

"I am, as I write, sitting in a window of a little hut in a Karen village in Burmah. The little Karen boys and girls crowd around me to try to see what the white man is making on the paper.

"When I look back over the years that separate me from my boyhood days and the happy, pleasant home at Good Will farm, it seems a long, long time. As I recall the pleasure with which I used to dip the oars in the sunny Kennebec, the cool retreats in the woods and my boy companions, my heart thrills with joy, and I imagine myself back in those happy days.

"But I am happy now, and my work pleases me. As I travel among the mountains and jungles to visit the villagers and tell them the story of the Christ who died for them, I think of how many souls are yet in darkness and that I may help some of them to see the light.

"I have been in Burmah about 10 years, and I have gone on with my work with but one interruption—when I went home to America for three months.

"When I left Good Will, I went to Colburn institute, then to Colby college, then to the seminary at Newton. A year was spent in learning the language of the Karens. Then I came to Burmah.

"I see the native driver has come to take me to a neighboring town, and so I must close."—Philadelphia Press.

Diagnosing From the Teeth.

A certain local professor on one occasion was lecturing to his class on the means of diagnosing disease by the external appearance, face and other details of the patient. Expressing his belief that a patient before the class afforded an example of the practice in question, the professor said to the individual:

"Ah, you are troubled with gout."

"No, sir," said the man. "I've never had any such complaint."

"But," said the professor, "your father must have had gout."

"No, sir," was the reply. "Nor my mother either."

"Ah, very strange," said the professor to his class. "I am convinced that this man is a gouty subject. I see that his front teeth show all the characteristics which we are accustomed to note in gout."

"Front teeth!" ejaculated the patient.

"Yes," retorted the professor. "I'm convinced my diagnosis is correct. You have gout, sir!"

"Well, that beats everything," replied the man. "It's the first time, sir, I've ever heard of false teeth having the gout. I've had this set for the last 10 years!"—London Tit-Bits.

A Javanese Bed.

The very bed on which a man reclines at night in Java affords him considerable opportunity for reflection. At first sight it never occurred to him that the great square object—looking with its covering of mosquito curtains more like a huge birdcage than anything else—was a bed. He knows better now and proceeds to examine it with interest before turning in for the night. He finds that the large square mattress is covered by a sheet, but otherwise entirely devoid of bedclothing. At the top are two pillows for the head, and down the center is placed a long, round bolster called a Dutch wife.

This scarcely comes up to his notion of what a bed should be, but after he has slept—or tried to sleep—for two or three nights in the hot, steamy atmosphere of Batavia he changes his mind. He finds that bedclothes are not wanted in the coast towns of Java, and in particular he learns to appreciate the relief which he experiences by throwing arm or leg over that useful contrivance for securing coolness, the Dutch wife.—Fortnightly Review.

Nothing Free From Them.

Bacteria and bacilli seem to do a flourishing business. Germs are found in every thing nowadays. Somebody applies a microscope to a $3 bill and finds it just palpitating with animalculæ and positively reeking with disease germs. Then a roll of butter is examined, and it reveals millions of bacteria. The microscopic mischief makers live in fresh meat that comes from the butchers, and we are told that our carpets and clothing are nothing but microbe traps. What is there that is free from the infection? Nothing, apparently. We are growing fat on bacilli. We are carrying microbe ranches around with us everywhere we go, and our homes are crowded with ptomaines and bacteria. I wish somebody knew where there was an antibacillus, microbeless restaurant, that I might go to it and enjoy an unpolluted and inanimate square meal just before I die.—Interview in St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Ways of Eating Oranges.

It amuses me to see the variety of ways in which people eat oranges. One breakfast at a big hotel will introduce you to every phase of the orange eating industry. Some spoil their oranges by sprinkling pulverized sugar on them and then scooping the pulp with a spoon. Some peel the orange and eat it slice by slice out of the hand. Some cut it into squares or eighths and squeeze the juice out of the sections, while others simply make a round opening and suck the juice of the fruit. Many people refuse oranges in public because they do not know which is the proper way to eat them, and there is nothing that an awkward person can appear more ridiculous at than in eating an orange.

I think it is safe to follow the theory that nothing but the knife should be applied to fruit and that any way of eating it gracefully from the hand is all right. Certainly the spoon method is silly—almost as idiotic as sticking a fork through the hard middle fiber and eating the joyous sphere away until nothing is left but the fibrous cone at its center. I imagine that the people who take hold of an orange, halve it and halve it again and then swallow everything except the seeds and skin and don't care a durn who's looking get most enjoyment out of the fruit.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Tenacious Pawnbroker.

One of the best known pawnbrokers in the Bowery was attending to a number of impecunious customers one day last week when a well dressed foreigner stepped in, handed him a remarkably fine diamond ring and asked how much he would advance on it.

The pawnbroker glanced at it a moment and asked, "How much do you want?"

"I don't know," was the hesitating answer. "Is it good for $80?"

Without answering the pawnbroker walked to the back part of the shop and disappeared for a moment. Then he reappeared, threw $80 on the counter in front of the foreigner and asked what name he should put on the ticket.

"I don't want any money," exclaimed the man. "I only wanted to know how much you would be willing to lend on the ring."

"What name shall I put down?" was the pawnbroker's sole response.

"Don't put down any name," said the stranger, showing some excitement. "I tell you I don't want the money. It isn't my ring at all. It's a friend's ring, and I want to find out what he can raise on it."

"There's your money," replied the pawnbroker.

"But I don't want it, I tell you. I only"—

"Well, then, you can leave it there for somebody else to pick up. Here's your ticket. I can't spend my time bothering with you any longer."

The foreigner protested in excited tones and insisted that he must have the ring at once. Finally the pawnbroker, with the air of a person who was doing a great personal favor, told the stranger that at the regular rates it would cost him $2.40 interest to recover the ring. "But," said he, "as you say it's a mistake. I'll let you have it for a dollar."

With a disgusted air the man took a dollar from a well worn purse, gave it to the pawnbroker, who picked up the $80 and handed back the ring.

As the stranger turned to leave the pawnbroker told him to tell his friend he could have $90 or $100 on the ring any time he wanted.

Then, as the door closed behind the foreigner, the pawnbroker remarked to a clerk: "That was a mighty fine diamond. I'd like to get it for $300."—New York Herald.

Savage Natives of the Solomon Islands.

A passenger from the Solomon islands, one who has had some years' experience trading with the natives and who arrived recently in Sydney, gives a melancholy account of life among the black fellows. One might have thought that the days of head hunting were at an end and that in view of the commercial intercourse which for many years has been carried on between the whites and the islanders of the Solomons this barbarous custom would have passed with many others into history. But it appears that quite the contrary is the fact. Head hunting is openly carried on both at Malayta and San Christoval, and the native is regarded by his fellows as young and inexperienced who has not shed human blood.

Then, as to cannibalism, it is undoubted that it exists and is largely practiced by certain tribes. The custom is to cut up the bodies of the victims and sell them piecemeal, pretty much after the style of an itinerant butcher, and evidence in the shape of human bones left after the cannibal feasts is abundant on the islands. To what fearful extent it is carried on in the bush on Malayta or San Christoval can only be conjectured from what is absolutely known to occur on the coast. It is said to be more than a white man's life is worth to venture far inland, or for the matter of that a black fellow's either, if he belongs to a beach tribe, for the "man of the bush" is by no means particular.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Afternoon Tea Young Man.

It is rather the fashion among busy men to laugh at the "afternoon tea young man," regarding him as somewhat weak and effeminate, but like many other generally received opinions there is found no reason to accept its correctness when examined on general principles. The afternoon tea young man generally has refined tastes, likes the society of women, enjoys the atmosphere of artistic rooms and finds delight in flowers and everything else that is beautiful, all of which are to be found at the afternoon tea. Instead of being weak, the afternoon tea young man is really much more astute than his brother who buries himself in the office from breakfast until dinner time, with only a hasty 20 or 30 minutes for luncheon.

The latter may be studying books, but he is losing valuable opportunities of pursuing "the proper study of mankind"—i. e., human nature. There is more human nature to the square inch to be found at the informal social gathering alluded to than under almost any other condition, and the person who is clever enough to keep eyes and ears open finds that his stock of knowledge is greatly increased by such functions. Every type is represented, and he has but to exercise his tact and diplomacy to bring it to the surface.—Boston Advertiser.

Only One Way.

"How does Samu'l make out as a scholar, Ph'lander?" inquired Nathan Scott of his brother. "Is he easy to l'arn, or is 't uphill work with him same's 'twas with us when we was yearlin boys?"

"I can't say that Samu'l is master tond of his books," replied Ph'lander cautiously, "but there's some things he gits on pooty fair with, an then again there's others—like spellin for instance!"

"Aint much of a hand at spellin?" hazarded Nathan.

"Well, no," said Ph'lander, "you couldn't rightly call it 't he is, I cal'late. He can reckon quite lively—seems 's if figgers come kind of natural to him, and he's got a consid'ble number o' dates fixed in his mind; an he hes the names of most o' the United States right by him, an a fair to middlin idee o' furrin g'ography too.

"But when you come to spellin—well," said Ph'lander in a tone of despondent conviction, "I cokerredge Samu'l all I ken, an shell continner to do it, but I cal'late that if ever Samu'l gits to be a speller it'll jest be b' main stren'th!"—Youth's Companion.

Miss Florence Marryatt.

Miss Florence Marryatt, daughter of the famous writer, has always made literature a profession. She lives alone, attended by two servants, at a pretty little house in West Kensington, where she has a remarkable collection of pets—dogs, birds and flowers. Miss Marryatt is reputed to be very kind to young authors, of whom she has a good number among her friends. She is ever ready to discuss a character or a plot with them. She has even been known to help the lame dog over the stile by writing a chapter in a novel which somehow or other the author found insuperable difficulty in writing.

His Limit.

Clerk—How long will you be here, sir?
Guest—What are your rates?
Clerk—Fifteen dollars a day.
Guest—About five minutes.—New York Herald.

"The Shut In Society."

Miss Goode's class was one of the largest in Sunday school. There were eight members, and not the least among them was little Sammy Adams, a darky boy with big brown eyes glistening from a field of white. One day Miss Goode stopped her lesson, and while the hum of childish voices was coming from the other seats, began to tell the class about the "Shut In Society." Her stories of the little sick ones and the aged invalids who were getting a ray of light from this sweet ministry interested the children, and Mary Brown was seen to turn her head away. Then Miss Goode went on, "And now, children, where do you suppose the name came from? They call it the Shut In society. Who can tell me in whose memory it was formed?"

There was no answer, and the children were lost in thought. Miss Goode was quiet for a second. "Whose life was it, children, that was hampered to death on all sides? Who was it that tried to get out into a larger life, into a bigger world of existence?"

Little Sammy's eyes sparkled.

"Ah, Sammy, you can tell, can't you? Who was it?"

"Dunno, miss, but I 'specs it must have been Jonah."—Boston Budget.

Miscellaneous

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SICK

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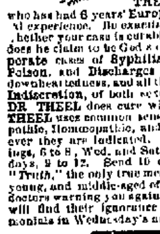
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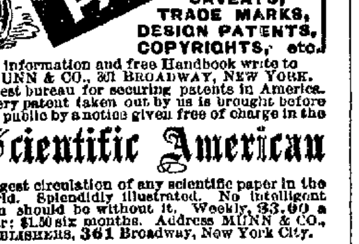
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